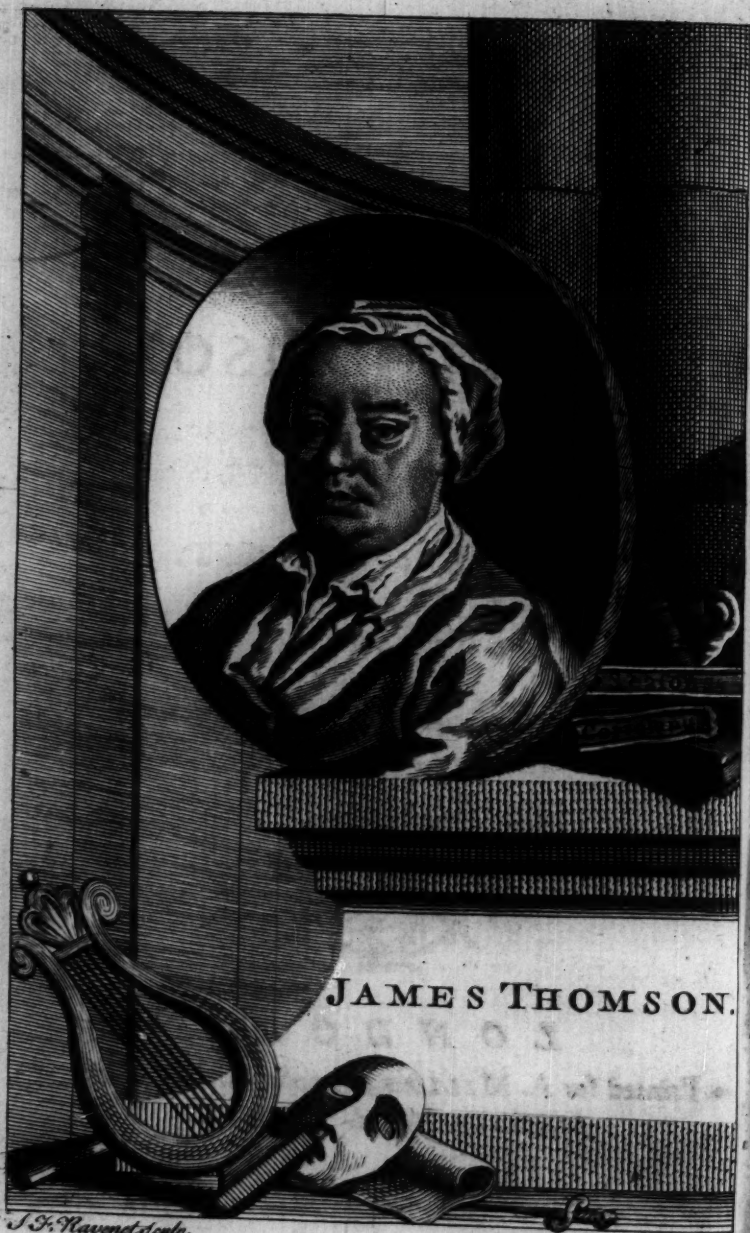


THE
WORKS
OF
JAMES THOMSON.
VOL. I.



Ralph Grant 1758

THE

WORKS

By Archibald Grant O F of Monymusk Barr

JAMES THOMSON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING,

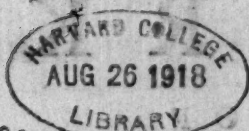
THE SEASONS.



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TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES,
THIS COMPLETE AND CORRECT
EDITION OF ALL THE WORKS
OF THE LATE
MR. THOMSON,
AGREEABLY TO HIS INTENTION
WHEN LIVING,
IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED.

THE ROYAL BUREAU

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P R E F A C E.

THIS edition of Mr. THOMSON's works was designed by him, and must be considered by the reader, as a collection of such of his works as he thought worth preserving, corrected and amended. If therefore any detached poems of his have appeared in other collections, or are to be found in manuscript in private hands, they are such as his judgment rejected; and the publication of them in any future edition of his works, or otherwise, would be contrary to his will, and prejudicial to his memory.

It is hoped, that all his writings will appear much more advantageously in their present form, (many redundancies being pruned away, and many faults of diction corrected) than they did in their first publication.



W. Bone inv. et del.

SPRING.

P. Fardouin sculp.

S P R I N G.

B 2

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various Parts of Nature, ascending from the Lower to the Higher; and mixed with Digressions arising from the Subject. Its Influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a Dissuasive from the wild and irregular Passion of Love, opposed to That of a pure and happy Kind.

SPRING.

COME, gentle SPRING, Ethereal Mildness, come,
 And from the Bosom of yon dropping Cloud,
 While Music wakes around, veil'd in a Shower
 Of shadowing Roses, on our Plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted, or to shine in Courts 5
 With unaffected Grace, or walk the Plain
 With Innocence and Meditation join'd
 In soft Assemblage, listen to my Song,
 Which thy own Season paints ; when Nature all
 Is blooming, and benevolent, like thee. 10

AND see where surly WINTER passes off,
 Far to the North, and calls his ruffian Blasts :
 His Blasts obey, and quit the howling Hill,
 The shatter'd Forest, and the ravag'd Vale ;
 While softer Gales succeed, at whose kind Touch, 15
 Dissolving Snows in livid Torrents lost,
 The Mountains lift their green Heads to the Sky.

As yet the trembling Year is unconfirm'd,
 And WINTER oft at Eve resumes the Breeze,
 Chills the pale Morn, and bids his driving Sleets 20
 Deform the Day delightful : so that scarce
 The Bittern knows his Time, with Bill ingulph't,
 To shake the sounding Marsh ; or from the Shore
 The Plovers when to scatter o'er the Heath,
 And sing their wild Notes to the listening Waste. 25

At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous Sun,
 And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive Atmosphere is cramp'd with Cold ;
 But, full of Life and vivifying Soul,
 Lifts the light Clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
 Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding Heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid Airs ; and unconfina'd,
 Unbinding Earth, the moving Softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient Husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty Steers 35
 Drives from their Stalls, to where the well-us'd Plow
 Lies in the Furrow, loosen'd from the Frost.
 There, unrefusing to the harness'd Yoke,
 They lend their Shoulder, and begin their Toil,
 Chear'd by the simple Song and soaring Lark. 40
 Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining Share,

The

S P R I N G.

7

The Master leans, removes th' obstructing Clay,
Winds the whole Work, and sidelong lays the Glebe.

WHITE, thro the neighbouring Fields the Sower stalks,
With measur'd Step ; and, liberal, throws the Grain 45
Into the faithful Bosom of the Ground.
The Harrow follows harsh, and shuts the Scene.

BE gracious, HEAVEN! for now laborious Man -
Has done his Part. Ye fostering Breezes, blow!
Ye softening Dews, ye tender Showers, descend! 50
And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,
Into the perfect Year! Nor, ye, who live
In Luxury and Ease, in Pomp and Pride,
Think these lost Themes unworthy of your Ear:
Such Themes as these the *rural* MARO sung 55
To wide-imperial *Rome*, in the full Height
Of Elegance and Taste, by *Greece* refin'd.
In antient Times, the sacred Plow employ'd
The Kings, and awful Fathers of Mankind:
And Some, with whom compar'd, your Insect-Tribes 60
Are but the Beings of a Summer's Day,
Have held the Scale of Empire, rul'd the Storm
Of mighty War; then, with victorious Hand,
Disdaining little Delicacies, seiz'd
The Plow, and greatly independant scorn'd 65
All the vile Stores Corruption can bestow.

B 4

Y 2



YE generous BRITONS, venerate the Plow !
 And o'er your Hills, and long withdrawing Vales,
 Let Autumn spread his Treasures to the Sun,
 Luxuriant, and unbounded ! As the Sea, 70
 Far thro his azure turbulent Domain,
 Your Empire owns, and from a thousand Shores
 Wafts all the Pomp of Life into your Ports ;
 So with superior Boon may your rich Soil,
 Exuberant, Nature's better Blessings pour 75
 O'er every Land, the naked Nations cloath,
 And be th' exhaustless Granary of a World !

NOR only thro the lenient Air this Change,
 Delicious, breathes ; the penetrative Sun,
 His Force deep-darting to the dark Retreat 80
 Of Vegetation, sets the steaming Power
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant Earth,
 In various Hues ; but chiefly thee, gay *Green* !
 Thou smiling Nature's universal Robe !
 United Light and Shade ! where the Sight dwells 85
 With growing Strength, and ever-new Delight.

FROM the moist Meadow to the wither'd Hill,
 Led by the Breeze, the vivid Verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd Eye.
 The Hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy Groves 90
 Put forth their Buds, unfolding by Degrees,

Till

SPRING.

9

Till the whole leafy Forest stands display'd,
 In full Luxuriance, to the sighing Gales ;
 Where the Deer rustle thro the twining Brake,
 And the Birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd 95
 In all the Colours of the flushing Year,
 By Nature's swift and secret-working Hand,
 The Garden glows, and fills the liberal Air
 With lavish Fragrance ; while the promis'd Fruit
 Lies yet a little Embryo, unperceiv'd, 100
 Within its crimson Folds. Now from the Town
 Buried in Smoke, and Sleep, and noisom Damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy Fields,
 Where Freshness breathes, and dash the trembling Drops
 From the bent Bush, as thro the verdant Maze 105
 Of Sweet-briar Hedges I pursue my Walk ;
 Or taste the Smell of Dairy ; or ascend
 Some Eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy Plains,
 And see the Country, far-diffus'd around,
 One boundless Blush, one white-empurpled Shower 110
 Of mingled Blossoms ; where the raptur'd Eye
 Hurries from Joy to Joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair Profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from *Russian* Wilds, a cutting Gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid Wings 115
 The clammy Mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe
 Untimely Frost ; before whose baleful Blast
 The full-blown Spring thro all her Foliage shrinks,
 Joyless,

Joyless, and dead, a wide-dejected Waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy North, 120
 Myriads on Myriads, Insect-Armies waft
 Keen in the poison'd Breeze; and wasteful eat,
 Thro Buds and Bark, into the blacken'd Core,
 Their eager Way. A feeble Race! yet oft
 The sacred Sons of Vengeance! on whose Course 125
 Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the Year.
 To check this Plague the skilful Farmer Chaff,
 And blazing Straw, before his Orchard burns;
 Till, all involv'd in Smoke, the latent Foe
 From every Cranny suffocated falls: 130
 Or scatters o'er the Blooms the pungent Dust.
 Of Pepper, fatal to the frosty Tribe:
 Or, when th' envenom'd Leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled Water drowns them in their Nest:
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy Bill, 135
 The little trooping Birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, Swains; these cruel-seeming Winds
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,
 Those deepening Clouds on Clouds, surcharg'd with Rain,
 That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne, 140
 In endless Train, would quench the Summer-Blaze,
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd Year.

THE North-East spends his Rage, and now, shut up
 Within his iron Caves, th' effusive South

Warms

S P R I N G.

II

Warms the wide Air, and o'er the Void of Heaven 145
 Breathes the big Clouds with vernal Showers distent.
 At first a dusky Wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining Ether ; but by fast Degrees,
 In Heaps on Heaps, the doubling Vapour sails
 Along the loaded Sky, and mingling deep 150
 Sits on th' Horizon round a settled Gloom.
 Not such as wintry Storms on Mortals shed,
 Oppressing Life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every Hope and every Joy,
 The Wish of Nature. Gradual, sinks the Breeze, 155
 Into a perfect Calm ; that not a Breath
 Is heard to quiver thro the closing Woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling Leaves
 Of Aspin tall. Th' uncurling Floods, diffus'd
 In glassy Breadth, seem thro delusive Lapse 160
 Forgetful of their Course. 'Tis Silence all,
 And pleasing Expectation. Herds and Flocks
 Drop the dry Sprig, and mute-imploing eye
 The falling Verdure. Hush'd in short Suspense,
 The plummy People streak their Wings with Oil, 165
 To throw the lucid Moisture trickling off ;
 And wait th' approaching Sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general Choir. Even Mountains, Vales,
 And Forests seem, impatient, to demand
 The promis'd Sweetness. Man superior walks 170
 Amid the glad Creation, musing Praise,
 And looking lively Gratitude: At last,

The Clouds consign their Treasures to the Fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled Pool
 Prelusive Drops, let all their Moisture flow, 175
 In large Effusion o'er the freshen'd World.
 The stealing Shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro the Forest-Walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous Multitude of Leaves.
 But who can hold the Shade, while Heaven descends 180
 In universal Bounty, shedding Herbs,
 And Fruits, and Flowers, on Nature's ample Lap?
 Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their Growth;
 And, while the milky Nutriment distills,
 Beholds the kindling Country colour round. 185

T H U S all day long the fall-distended Clouds
 Indulge their genial Stores, and well-shower'd Earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable Life;
 Till, in the western Sky, the downward Sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the Flush 190
 Of broken Clouds, gay-shifting to his Beam.
 The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd Mountain, thro the Forest streams,
 Shakes on the Floods, and in a yellow Mist,
 Far smoaking o'er th' interminable Plain, 195
 In twinkling Myriads lights the dewy Gema.
 Moist, bright, and green, the Landskip laughs around.
 Full swell the Woods; their every Musick wakes,
 Mix'd in wild Concert with the warbling Brooks
 Increas'd,

S P R I N G.

13

Increas'd, the distant Bleatings of the Hills, 200
 The hollow Lows responsive from the Vales,
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd Zephyr springs.
 Meantime refracted from yon eastern Cloud,
 Bestriding Earth, the grand ethereal Bow
 Shoots up immense ; and every Hue unfolds, 205
 In fair Proportion running from the Red,
 To where the Violet fades into the Sky.
 Here, awful N E W T O N, the dissolving Clouds
 Form, fronting on the Sun, thy showery Prism ;
 And to the sage-instructed Eye unfold 210
 The various Twine of Light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling Maze. Not so the Swain,
 He wondering views the bright Enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant Fields, and runs
 To catch the falling Glory ; but amaz'd 215
 Beholds th' amusive Arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still Night succeeds,
 A soften'd Shade, and saturated Earth
 Awaits the Morning-Beam, to give to Light,
 Rais'd thro ten thousand different Plastic Tubes, 220
 The balmy Treasures of the former Day.

T H E N spring the living Herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green Earth, beyond the Power
 Of Botanist to number up their Tribes :
 Whether he steals along the lonely Dale, 225
 In silent Search ; or thro the Forest, rank
 With

With what the dull Incurious Weeds account,
 Bursts his blind Way ; or climbs the Mountain-Rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding Verdure of its Brow.
 With such a liberal Hand has Nature flung 230
 Their Seeds abroad, blown them about in Winds,
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing Mold,
 The moistening Current, and prolifick Rain.

BUT who their Virtues can declare ? Who pierce
 With Vision pure, into these secret Stores 235
 Of Health, and Life, and Joy ? The Food of Man,
 While yet he liv'd in Innocence, and told
 A Length of golden Years, unflesh'd in Blood,
 A Stranger to the savage Arts of Life,
 Death, Rapine, Carnage, Surfeit, and Disease, 240
 The Lord, and not the Tyrant of the World.

THE first fresh Dawn then wak'd the gladden'd Race
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
 The Sluggard sleep beneath its sacred Beam.
 For their light Slumbers gently fum'd away ; 245
 And up they rose as vigorous as the Sun,
 Or to the Culture of the willing Glebe,
 Or to the chearful Tendance of the Flock.
 Meantime the Song went round ; and Dance and Sport
 Wisdom and friendly Talk, successive stole 250
 Their Hours away. While in the rosy Vale
 Love breath'd his infant Sighs, from Anguish free,
 And

SPRING.

15

And full replete with Bliss ; save the sweet Pain,
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
 Nor yet injurious Act, nor surly Deed, 255
 Was known among these happy Sons of HEAVEN ;
 For Reason and Benevolence were Law.
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
 Clear shone the Skies, cool'd with eternal Gales,
 And balmy Spirit all. The youthful Sun 260
 Shot his best Rays, and still the gracious Clouds
 Drop'd Fatness down ; as, o'er the swelling Mead,
 The Herds and Flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
 This when, emergent from the gloomy Wood,
 The glaring Lion saw, his horrid Heart 265
 Was meeken'd, and he join'd his fullen Joy.
 For Music held the whole in perfect Peace :
 Soft sigh'd the Flute ; the tender Voice was heard,
 Warbling the vary'd Heart ; the Woodlands round
 Apply'd their Quire ; and Winds and Waters flow'd 270
 In consonance. Such were those Prime of Days.

BUT now those white unblestish'd Minutes, whence
 The fabling Poets took their golden Age,
 Are found no more amid these iron Times,
 These Dregs of Life ! Now the distemper'd Mind 275
 Has lost that Concord of harmonious Powers,
 Which forms the Soul of Happiness ; and all
 Is off the Poise within : the Passions all
 Have burst their Bounds ; and Reason half extinct,

Or impotent, or else approving, sees 280
 The foul Disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
 Convulsive Anger storms at large; or pale,
 And silent, settles into fell Revenge.

Base Envy withers at another's Joy,
 And hates that Excellence it cannot reach. 285

Desponding Fear, of feeble Fancies full,
 Weak, and unmanly, loosens every Power.

Even Love itself is Bitterness of Soul,
 A pensive Anguish pining at the Heart:

Or, sunk to sordid Interest, feels no more 290
 That noble Wish, that never-cloy'd Desire,
 Which, selfish Joy disdaining, seeks, alone,

To bless the dearer Object of its Flame.

Hope sickens with Extravagance; and Grief,
 Of Life impatient, into Madness swells; 295

Or in dead Silence wastes the weeping Hours.
 These, and a thousand mix'd Emotions more,

From ever-changing Views of Good and Ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the Mind

With endless Storm. Whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial Thought, a listless Unconcern, 300

Cold, and averting from our Neighbour's Good;
 Then dark Disgust, and Hatred, winding Wiles,

Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence.

At last, extinct each social Feeling, fell 305
 And joyless Inhumanity pervades,

And

S P R I N G.

17

And petrifies the Heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her Course.

H E N C E, in old dusky Time, a Deluge came :
When the deep-cleft disparting Orb, that arch'd 310
The central Waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal Burst, into the Gulph,
And o'er the high-pil'd Hills of fractur'd Earth
Wide-dash'd the Waves, in Undulation vast ;
Till, from the Center to the streaming Clouds, 315
A shoreless Ocean tumbled round the Globe.

T H E Seasons since have, with severer Sway,
Oppress'd a broken World : the Winter keen
Shook forth his Waste of Snows ; and Summer shot
His pestilential Heats. Great Spring, before, 320
Green'd all the Year ; and Fruits and Blossoms bluish'd,
In social Sweetness, on the self-same Bough.
Pure was the temperate Air ; an even Calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the Zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue Expanse : for then nor Storms 325
Were taught to blow, nor Hurricanes to rage ;
Sound slept the Waters ; no sulphureous Glooms
Swell'd in the Sky, and sent the Lightning forth ;
While sickly Damps, and cold autumnal Fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the Springs of Life. 330
But now, of turbid Elements the Sport,
From Clear to Cloudy tost, from Hot to Cold,

And

And Dry to Moist, with inward-eating Change,
 Our drooping Days are dwindled down to Nought,
 Their Period finish'd ere 'tis well begun. 335

AND yet the wholesome Herb neglected dies ;
 Tho with the pure exhilarating Soul
 Of Nutriment and Health, and vital Powers,
 Beyond the Search of Art, 'tis copious blest.
 For, with hot Ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man 340
 Is now become the Lion of the Plain,
 And worse. The Wolf, who from the nightly Fold
 Fierce-drags the bleating Prey, ne'er drunk her Milk,
 Nor wore her warming Fleece : nor has the Steer,
 At whose strong Chest the deadly Tyger hangs, 345
 E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With Hunger stung, and wild Necessity,
 Nor lodges Pity in their shaggy Breast.
 But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder Clay,
 With every kind Emotion in his Heart, 350
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her Lap
 She pours ten thousand Delicacies, Herbs,
 And Fruits, as numerous as the Drops of Rain
 Or Beams that gave them Birth : shall he, fair Form !
 Who wears sweet Smiles, and looks erect on Heaven, 355
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling Herd,
 And dip his Tongue in Gore ? The Beast of Prey,
 Blood-stain'd deserves to bleed : but you, ye Flocks,
 What have you done ; ye peaceful People, What,

S P R I N G.

19

To merit Death ? You, who have given us Milk 360

In luscious Streams, and lent us your own Coat

Against the Winter's Cold ? And the plain Ox,

That harmless, honest, gulleless Animal,

In What has he offended ? He, whose Toil,

Patient and ever-ready, clothes the Land 365

With all the Pomp of Harvest ; shall he bleed,

And struggling groan beneath the cruel Hands

Even of the Clowns he feeds ? And That perhaps,

To swell the Riot of th' autumnal Feast,

Won by his Labour ? This the feeling Heart 370

Would tenderly suggest : but 'tis enough,

In this late Age, adventurous, to have touch'd

Light on the Numbers of the *Samian* Sage.

High H E A V E N forbids the bold presumptuous Strain,

Whose wisest Will has fix'd us in a State 375

That must not yet to pure Perfection rise.

Besides, who knows, how *rais'd* to higher Life,

From Stage to Stage, the *Vital Scale ascends* ?

N o w when the first foul Torrent of the Brooks,

Swell'd with the vernal Rains, is ebb'd away ; 380

And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd Stream

Descends the billowy Foam : now is the Time,

While yet the dark-brown Water aids the Guile,

To tempt the Trout. The well-dissembled Fly,

The Rod fine-tapering with elastic Spring, 385

Snatch'd from the hoary Steed the floating Line,

And

And all thy slender watry Stores prepare.
 But let not on thy Hook the tortur'd Worm,
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing Folds ;
 Which, by rapacious Hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding Breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining Wretch, 390
 Harsh Pain and Horror to the tender Hand.

W H E N, with his lively Ray, the potent Sun
 Has pierc'd the Streams, and rous'd the finny Race,
 Then, issuing chearful, to thy Sport repair ;
 Chief should the Western Breezes curling play, 395
 And light o'er Ether bear the shadowy Clouds.
 High to their Fount, this Day, amid the Hills,
 And Woodlands warbling round, trace up the Brooks ;
 The Next, pursue their rocky-channel'd Maze,
 Down to the River, in whose ample Wave 400
 Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
 Just in the dubious Point, where with the Pool
 Is mix'd the trembling Stream, or where it boils
 Around the Stone, or from the hollow'd Bank,
 Reverted, plays in undulating Flow, 405
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive Fly ;
 And, as you lead it round in artful Curve,
 With Eye attentive mark the springing Game.
 Strait as above the Surface of the Flood
 They wan'on rise, or urg'd by Hunger leap, 410
 Then fix, with gentle Twitch, the barbed Hook :

Some

S P R I N G.

21

Some lightly tossing to the grassy Bank,
 And to the shelving Shore, slow-dragging some,
 With various Hand proportion'd to their Force.
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd, 415
 A worthless Prey scarce bends your pliant Rod,
 Him, piteous of his Youth, and the short Space
 He has enjoy'd the vital Light of Heaven,
 Soft disengage, and back into the Stream
 The speckled Infant throw. But should you lure 420
 From his dark Haunt, beneath the tangled Roots
 Of pendant Trees, the Monarch of the Brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest Art.
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the Fly;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft 425
 The dimpled Water speaks his jealous Fear.
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded Sun
 Passes a Cloud, he desperate takes the Death,
 With sullen Plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd Line; 430
 Then seeks the farthest Ooze, the sheltering Weed,
 The cavern'd Bank, his old secure Abode;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the Pool,
 Indignant of the Guile. With yielding Hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious Course 435
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the Stream, exhaust his idle Rage:
 Till floating broad upon his breathless Side,
 And to his Fate abandon'd, to the Shore 439
 You gaily drag your unresisting Prize.

THUS

Thus pass the temperate Hours : but when the Sun
 Shakes from his Noon-day Throne the scattering Clouds,
 Even shooting listless Languor thro the Deep ;
 Then seek the Bank where flowering Elders croud,
 Where scatter'd wild the Lily of the Vale 445
 Its balmy Essence breathes, where Cowslips hang
 The dewy Head, where purple Violets lurk,
 With all the lowly Children of the Shade :
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading Ash,
 Hung o'er the Steep ; whence, borne on liquid Wing, 450
 The sounding Culver shoots ; or where the Hawk,
 High, in the beetling Cliff, his Airy builds.
 There let the Classic Page thy Fancy lead
 Thro rural Scenes ; such as the *Mantuan* Swain
 Paints in the matchless Harmony of Song. 455
 Or catch thy self the Landkip, gliding swift
 Athwart Imagination's vivid Eye :
 Or by the vocal Woods and Waters lull'd,
 And lost in lonely Musing, in a Dream,
 Confus'd, of careless Solitude, where mix 460
 Ten thousand wandering Images of Things,
 Soothe every Gust of Passion into Peace,
 All but the Swellings of the soften'd Heart,
 That waken, not disturb the tranquil Mind.

BEHOLD yon breathing Prospect bids the Muse 465
 Throw all her Beauty forth. But who can paint
 Like

S P R I N G.

Like Nature ? Can Imagination boast;
 Amid its gay Creation, Hues like hers ?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless Skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears 470
 In every Bud that blows ? If Fancy then
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing Task ;
 Ah what shall Language do ? Ah where find Words
 Ting'd with so many Colours ; and whose Power,
 To Life approaching, may perfume my Lays 475
 With that fine Oil, those aromatic Gales,
 That inexhaustive flow continual round ?

Y E T tho successless, will the Toil delight.
 Come then, ye Virgins, and ye Youths, whose Hearts
 Have felt the Raptures of refining Love ; 480
 And thou, A M A N D A, come, Pride of my Song !
 Form'd by the Graces, Loveliness itself !
 Come with those downcast Eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those Looks demure, that deeply pierce the Soul ;
 Where with the Light of thoughtful Reason mix'd, 485
 Shines lively Fancy and the feeling Heart :
 Oh come ! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The Morning-Dews, and gather in their Prime
 Fresh-blooming Flowers, to grace thy braided Hair, 490
 And thy lov'd Bosom that improves their Sweets.

S E E, where the winding Vale its lavish Stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the Lily drinks

The

S P R I N G.

The latent Rill, scarce oozing thro the Grass,
 Of Growth luxuriant ; or the humid Bank, 495
 In fair Profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
 Where the Breeze blows from yon extended Field
 Of blossom'd Beams. *Arabia* cannot boast
 A fuller Gale of Joy than, liberal, thence
 Breathes thro the Sense, and takes the ravish'd Soul. 500
 Nor is the Mead unworthy of thy Foot,
 Full of fresh Verdure, and unnumber'd Flowers,
 The Negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild ;
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads
 Unbounded Beauty to the roving Eye. 505
 Here their delicious Task the fervent Bees,
 In swarming Millions, tend. Around, athwart,
 Thro the soft Air, the busy Nations fly,
 Cling to the Bud, and, with inserted Tube,
 Suck its pure Essence, its ethereal Soul. 510
 And oft, with bolder Wing, they soaring dare
 The purple Heath, or where the Wild-thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious Spoil.

At length the finish'd Garden to the View
 Its Vistas opens, and its Alleys green. 515
 Snatch'd thro the verdant Maze, the hurried Eye
 Distracted wanders ; now the bowery Walk
 Of Covert close, where scarce a speck of Day
 Falls on the lengthen'd Gloom, protracted sweeps ;
 Now meets the bending Sky, the River now 520
Dimpling

S P R I N G.

25

Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled Lake,
 The Forest darkening round, the glittering Spire,
 Th' etherial Mountain, and the distant Main.
 But why so far excursive? when at Hand,
 Along these blushing Borders, bright with Dew, 525
 And in yon mingled Wilderness of Flowers,
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every Grace :
 Throws out the Snow-drop, and the Crocus first ;
 The Daisy, Primrose, Violet darkly blue,
 And Polyanthus of unnumber'd Dyes ; 530
 The yellow Wall-Flower, stain'd with iron Brown ;
 And lavish Stock that scents the Garden round.
 From the soft Wing of vernal Breezes shed,
 Anemonies ; Auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining Meal o'er all their velvet Leaves ; 535
 And full Renunculas, of glowing Red.
 Then comes the Tulip-Race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle Freaks : from Family diffus'd
 To Family, as flies the Father Dust,
 The varied Colours run ; and, while they break 540
 On the charm'd Eye, th' exulting Florist marks,
 With secret Pride the Wonders of his Hand.
 No gradual Bloom is wanting ; from the Bud,
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky Tribes :
 Nor Hyacinths, of purest virgin White,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor Jonquils, 545
 Of potent Fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled Fountain hanging still ;

C

Nor

Nor broad Carnations ; nor gay-spotted Pinks ;
 Nor, shower'd from every Bush, the Damask-rose.
 Infinite Numbers, Delicacies, Smells, 550
 With Hues on Hues Expression cannot paint,
 The Breath of Nature, and her endless Bloom.

Hail, SOURCE OF BEING ! UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of Heaven and Earth ! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail !
 To THEE I bend the Knee ; to THEE my Thoughts,
 Continual, climb ; who, with a Master-hand, 556
 Hast the great Whole into Perfection touch'd.
 By THEE the various vegetative Tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy Net, and clad with Leaves,
 Draw the live Ether, and imbibe the Dew. 560
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial Soils,
 Stands each attractive Plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy Tide ; a twining Mass of Tubes.
 At THY Command the vernal Sun awakes
 The torpid Sap, detruded to the Root 565
 By wintry Winds, that now in fluent Dance,
 And lively Fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumeros-colour'd Scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable World
 My Theme ascends, with equal Wing ascend, 570
 My panting Muse ; and hark, how loud the Woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest Trim.
 Lend me your Song, ye Nightingales ! oh pour
 The mazy-running Soul of Melody

Into

S P R I N G.

27

Into my varied Verse ! while I deduce,
From the first Note the hollow Cuckoo sings,
The Symphony of Spring, and touch a Theme
Unknown to Fame, *the Passion of the Groves.*

575

W H E N first the Soul of Love is sent abroad,
Warm thro the vital Air, and on the Heart 580
Harmonious seizes, the gay Troops begin,
In gallant Thought, to plume the painted Wing;
And try again the long-forgotten Strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft Infusion prevalent, and wide, 585
Than, all alive, at once their Joy o'erflows
In Musick unconfin'd. Up-springs the Lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the Messenger of Morn;
Ere yet the Shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning Clouds, and from their Haunts 590
Calls up the tuneful Nations. Every Copse
Deep-tangled, Tree irregular, and Bush
Bending with dewy Moisture, o'er the Heads
Of the coy Quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of Harmony. The Thrush 595
And Wood-lark, o'er the kind contending Throng
Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest Length
Of Notes; when listening *Philomela* deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in Thought
Elate, to make her Night excel their Day. 600
The Black-bird whistles from the thorny Brake;

The mellow Bullfinch answers from the Grove :
 Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering Furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to These
 Innumerable Songsters, in the freshening Shade 605
 Of new-sprung Leaves, their Modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,
 And each harsh Pipe discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full Concert : while the Stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy Murmur thro' the whole. 610

'Tis Love creates their Melody, and all
 This Waste of Music is the Voice of Love ;
 That even to Birds, and Beasts, the tender Arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive Love 615
 Can dictate, and in Courtship to their Mates
 Pour forth their little Souls. First, wide around,
 With distant Awe, in airy Rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand Tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted Glance 620
 Of their regardless Charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least Approvance to bestow,
 Their Colours burnish, and by Hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ; 625
 In fond rotation spread the spotted Wing,
 And shiver every Feather with Desire.

CONNUBIAL Leagues agreed, to the deep Woods
 They haste away, all as their Fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or Food, or secret Safety prompts ; 630
 That NATURE's *great Command* may be obey'd,
 Nor all the sweet Sensations they perceive
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the Holly-Hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the Thicket some ;
 Some to the rude Protection of the Thorn 635
 Commit their feeble Offspring. The cleft Tree
 Offers its kind Concealment to a Few,
 Their Food its Insects, and its Moss their Nests.
 Others apart far in the grassy Dale,
 Or roughening Waste, their humble Texture weave. 640
 But most in woodland Solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented Glooms, or shaggy Banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling Brook,
 Whose Murmurs soothe them all the live-long Day,
 When by kind Duty fix'd. Among the Roots 645
 Of Hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive Stream,
 They frame the first Foundation of their Domes ;
 Dry Sprigs of Trees, in artful Fabrick laid,
 And bound with Clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless Hurry thro the busy Air, 650
 Beat by unnumber'd Wings. The Swallow sweeps
 The slimy Pool, to build his hanging House
 Intent. And often, from the careless Back
 Of Herds and Flocks, a thousand tugging Bills

Pluck Hair and Wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655
 Steal from the Barn a Straw : till soft and warm,
 Clean, and compleat, their Habitation grows.

As thus the patient Dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender Task,
 Or by sharp Hunger, or by smooth Delight, 660
 Tho the whole loosen'd Spring around Her blows,
 Her sympathizing Lover takes his Stand
 High on th' opponent Bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious Time away ; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
 To pick the scanty Meal. Th' appointed Time
 With pious Toil fulfill'd, the callow Young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect Life,
 Their brittle Bondage break, and come to Light,
 A helpless Family, demanding Food 670
 With constant Clamour, O what Passions then,
 What melting Sentiments of kindly Care,
 On the new Parents seize ! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undefiring bear
 The most delicious Morfel to their Young, 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 The Search begins. Even so a gentle Pair,
 By Fortune sunk, but form'd of generous Mold,
 And charm'd with Cares beyond the vulgar Breast,
 In some lone Cott amid the distant Woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential H E A V E N,
 Oft

Oft, as they weeping eye their infant Train,
Check their own Appetites and give them all.

NOR Toil alone they scorn : exalting Love,
By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd, 685
Gives instant Courage to the *fearful* Race,
And to the *simple* Art. With stealthy Wing,
Should some rude Foot their woody Haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring Bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
Th' unfeeling School-Boy. Hence, around the Head
Of wandering Swain, the white-wing'd Plover wheels
Her sounding Flight, and then directly on
In long Excurfion skims the level Lawn,
To tempt him from her Nest. The Wild-Duck, hence,
O'er the rough Moss, and o'er the trackless Waste 696
The Heath-Hen flutters, (pious Fraud!) to lead
The hot pursuing Spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan
Her Brothers of the Grove, by tyrant Man 700
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow Cage
From Liberty confin'd, and boundless Air.
Dull are the pretty Slaves, their Plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening Lustre lost ;
Nor is that sprightly Wildness in their Notes, 705
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the Beech.
Oh then, ye Friends of Love and Love-taught Song,
C 4 Spare

Spare the soft Tribes, this barbarous Art forbear!
 If on your Bosom Innocence can win,
 Music engage, or Piety persuade.

710

BUT let not chief the Nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd Care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh Confinement of the Cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded Bill,
 Th' astonish'd Mother finds a vacant Nest, 715
 By the hard Hand of unrelenting Clowns
 Robb'd, to the Ground the vain Provision falls;
 Her Pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
 Can bear the Mourner to the poplar Shade;
 Where, all abandon'd to Despair, she sings 720
 Her Sorrows thro the Night; and, on the Bough,
 Sole-fitting, still at every dying Fall
 'Takes up-again her lamentable Strain
 Of winding Woe; till wide around the Woods
 Sigh to her Song, and with her Wail resound. 725

BUT now the feather'd Youth their former Bounds,
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their Wings,
 Demand the free Possession of the Sky.
 This one glad Office more, and then dissolves
 Parental Love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish *Wisdom* rever works in vain.
 'Tis on some Evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but Balm is breathing thro the Woods,
 With

With yellow Lustre bright, that the new Tribes
 Visit the spacious Heavens, and look abroad 735
 On Nature's Common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their Range, and Pasture. O'er the Boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy Verge
 Their Resolution fails ; their Pinions still,
 In loose Libration stretch'd, to trust the Void 740
 Trembling refuse : till down before them fly
 The Parent-Guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging Air receives
 The plummy Burden ; and their self-taught Wings
 Winnow the waving Element. On Ground 745
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening Flight ;
 Till vanish'd every Fear, and every Power
 Rouz'd into Life and Action, light in Air
 Th' acquitted Parents see their soaring Race, 750
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the Summit of a craggy Cliff,
 Hung o'er the Deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost * *Kilda's* Shore, whose lonely Race
 Resign the setting Sun to *Indian* Worlds, 754
 The royal Eagle draws his vigorous Young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal Fire.
 Now fit to raise a Kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his Fort, the towering Seat,

C 5

For

* *The farthest of the Western Islands of Scotland.*

For Ages, of his Empire ; which, in Peace, 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a League to sea
 He wings his Course, and preys in distant Isles.

SHOULD I my Steps turn to the rural Seat,
 Whose lofty Elms, and venerable Oaks,
 Invite the Rook, who high amid the Boughs, 765
 In early Spring, his airy City builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various Polity survey
 Of the mixt Household-Kind. The careful Hen
 Calls all her chirping Family around, 770
 Fed, and defended by the fearless Cock,
 Whose Breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows Defiance. In the Pond,
 The finely-checker'd Duck, before her Train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing Swan 775
 Gives out his snowy Plumage to the Gale ;
 And, arching proud his Neck, with oary Feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his Osier-Isle,
 Protective of his Young. The Turkey nigh,
 Loud-threatning, reddens ; while the Peacock spreads 780
 His every-colour'd Glory to the Sun,
 And swims in radiant Majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely Scene, the cooing Dove
 Flies thick in amorous Chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing Eye, and turns the changeful Neck. 785

WHILE

WHILE thus the gentle Tenants of the Shade
 Indulge their purer Loves, the rougher World
 Of Brutes, below, rush furious into Flame,
 And fierce Desire. Thro all his lusty Veins
 The Bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging Passion feels. 790
 Of Pasture sick, and negligent of Food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow Broom,
 While o'er his ample Sides the rambling Sprays
 Luxuriant shoot; or thro the mazy Wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing Bud 795
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless Sense.
 And oft, in jealous madning Fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the Fight; and, idly-butting, seigns
 His Rival gor'd in every knotty Trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing War begins; 800
 Their Eyes flash Fury; to the hollow'd Earth,
 Whence the Sand flies, they mutter bloody Deeds,
 And groaning deep th' impetuous Battle mix:
 While the fair Heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their Rage. The trembling Steed,
 With this hot Impulse seiz'd in every Nerve, 806
 Nor hears the Rein, nor heeds the founding Thong;
 Blows are not felt; but tossing high his Head,
 And by the well-known Joy to distant Plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away; 810
 O'er Rocks, and Woods, and craggy Mountains flies;
 And, neighing, on the aërial Summit takes

Th' exciting Gale ; then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong Torrents foaming down the Hills,
 Even where the Madness of the straiten'd Stream. 815
 Turns in black Eddies round : such is the force
 With which his frantick Heart and Sinews swell.

N o r undelighted, by the boundless Spring,
 Are the broad Monsters of the foaming Deep :
 From the deep Ooze and gelid Cavern rous'd, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy Joy.
 Dire were the Strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel Raptures of the Savage Kind :
 How by this Flame their native Wrath sublim'd,
 They roam, amid the Fury of their Heart, 825
 The far-resounding Waste in fiercer Bands,
 And growl their horrid Loves. But this the Theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
 Forbids, and leads me to the Mountain-brow,
 Where sits the Shepherd on the grassy Turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending Sun.
 Around him feeds his many-bleating Flock,
 Of various Cadence ; and his sportive Lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
 Their Frolicks play. And now the sprightly Race 835
 Invites them forth ; when swift, the Signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy Mound
 That runs around the Hill ; the Rampart once
 Of iron War, in ancient barbarous Times,

When

S P R I N G.

37

When disunited BRITAIN ever bled,
 Loft in eternal Broil : ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble State,
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift the golden Head ;
 And, o'er our Labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,
 Impartial, watch, the Wonder of a World !

840

845

W H A T is this *mighty Breath*, ye Curious, say,
 That, in a powerful Language, felt not heard,
 Instructs the Fowls of Heaven ; and thro' their Breast
 These Arts of Love diffuses ? What, but G O D ?
 Inspiring G O D ! who boundless Spirit all,
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the Whole.
 He ceaseless works *alone*, and yet *alone*
 Seems not to work ; with such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous Scheme of Things.
 But, tho conceal'd, to every purer Eye
 Th' informing Author in his Works appears :
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft Scenes,
 The S M I L I N G G O D is seen ; while Water, Earth,
 And Air attest his Bounty ; which exalts
 The Brute-Creation to this finer Thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning Hearts .
 Profusely thus in Tenderness and Joy.

850

855

860

S T I L L let my Song a nobler Note assume,
 And sing th' insusive Force of Spring on Man ;
 When

865

When

When Heaven and Earth, as if contending, vye
 To raise his Being, and serene his Soul.
 Can he forbear to join the general Smile
 Of Nature ? Can fierce Passions vex his Breast,
 While every Gale is Peace, and every Grove 870
 Is Melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous Walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye fordid Sons of Earth,
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's Woe,
 Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
 But come, ye generous Minds, in whose wide Thought,
 Of all his Works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns, 876
 With warmest Beam ; and on your open Front,
 And liberal Eye, sits, from his dark Retreat,
 Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invoc'd,
 Can restless Goodness wait ; your active Search 880
 Leaves no cold wintry Corner unexplor'd ;
 Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprizing oft
 The lonely Heart with unexpected Good.
 For you the roving Spirit of the Wind
 Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teaming Clouds
 Descend in gladsome Plenty o'er the World ; 885
 And the Sun sheds his kindest Rays for you,
 Ye Flower of human Race ! — In these green Days,
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid Head ;
 Life flows afresh ; and young-ey'd Health exalts
 The whole Creation round. Contentment walks 890
 The sunny Glade, and feels an inward Bliss
 Spring o'er his Mind, beyond the Power of Kings

To

S P R I N G.

39

To purchase. Pure Serenity apace
Induces Thought, and Contemplation still.
By swift degrees the Love of Nature works, 895
And warms the Bosom ; till at last sublim'd
To Rapture, and enthusiastic Heat,
We feel the present DEITY, and taste
The Joy of GOD to see a happy World !

THESE are the Sacred Feelings of thy Heart, 900
Thy Heart inform'd by Reason's purer Ray,
O LYTTELTON, the Friend ! thy Passions thus
And Meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, thro HAGLEY-PARK you stray,
Thy *British Tempe* ! There along the Dale, 905
With Woods o'er-hung, and shag'd with mossy Rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing Waters play,
And down the rough Cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd Vista thro' the Trees,
You silent steal ; or sit beneath the Shade 910
Of solemn Oaks, that tuft the swelling Mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless Hand,
And pensive listen to the various Voice
Of rural Peace : the Herds, the Flocks, the Birds,
The hollow-whispering Breeze, the Plaint of Rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted Roots 916
Which creep around, their dewy Murmurs shake
On the sooth'd Ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander thro the Philosophic World ;

Where

Where in bright Train continual Wonders rise, 920
Or to the curious or the pious Eye.

And oft, conducted by Historic Truth,
You tread the long Extent of backward Time :
Planning, with warm Benevolence of Mind,
And honest Zeal unwarp'd by Party-Rage, 925

BRITANNIA'S Weal ; how from the venal Gulph
To raise her Virtue, and her Arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy View, these graver Thoughts
The Muses charm : while, with sure Taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring Breath of antient Song ; 930
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy Walk,
With Soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the Lover's Eye a Look of Love ;
And all the Tumult of a guilty World, 935
Toft by ungenerous Passions, sinks away.

The tender Heart is animated Peace ;
And as it pours its copious Treasures forth,
In vary'd Converse, softening every Theme,
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her Eyes, 940

Where meeken'd Sense, and amiable Grace,
And lively Sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless Spirit of ethereal Joy,
Inimitable Happiness ! which Love,
Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd Few*. 945

Meantime you gain the Height, from whose fair Brow
The bursting Prospect spreads immense around ;

And

SPRING.

41

And snatch'd o'er Hill and Dale, and Wood and Lawn,
 And verdant Field, and darkening Heath between,
 And Villages embosom'd soft in Trees, 950
 And spiry Towns by surging Columns mark'd
 Of household Smoak, your Eye excursive roams:
 Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind Haunt
 The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still,
 To Where the broken Landskip, by Degrees, 955
 Ascending, roughens into rigid Hills;
 O'er which the *Cambrian* Mountains, like far Clouds
 That skirt the blue Horizon, dusky, rise.

FLUSH'D by the Spirit of the genial Year,
 Now from the Virgin's Cheek a fresher Bloom 960
 Shoots, less and less, the live Carnation round;
 Her Lips blush deeper Sweets; she breathes of Youth;
 The shining Moisture swells into her Eyes,
 In brighter Flow; her wishing Bosom heaves,
 With Palpitations wild; kind Tumults seize 965
 Her Veins, and all her yielding Soul is Love.
 From the keen Gaze her Lover turns away,
 Full of the dear extatic Power, and sick
 With sighing Languishment. Ah then, ye Fair!
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding Hearts: 970
 Dare not th' infectious Sigh; the pleading Look,
 Down-cast, and low, in-meek Submission drest,
 But full of Guile. Let not the servent Tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with Adulation smooth,

Gaia

Gain on your purpos'd Will. Nor in the Bower, 975
 Where Woodbines flaunt, and Roses shed a Couch,
 While Evening draws her crimson Curtains round,
 Trust your soft Minutes with betraying Man.

AND let th' aspiring Youth beware of Love,
 Of the smooth Glance beware ; for 'tis too late, 980
 When on his Heart the Torrent-Softness pours.
 Then Wisdom prostrate lies, and fading Fame
 Dissolves in Air away ; while the fond Soul,
 Wrapt in gay Visions of unreal Bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive Form ; the kindling Grace ;
 Th' inticing Smile ; the modest-seeming Eye, 986
 Beneath whose beauteous Beams, belying Heaven,
 Lurk searchless Cunning, Cruelty, and Death :
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated Ear,
 Her syren Voice, enchanting, draws him on, 990
 To guileful Shores, and Meads of fatal Joy.

EVEN present, in the very Lap of Love
 Inglorious laid ; while Musick flows around,
 Perfumes, and Oils, and Wine, and wanton Hours ;
 Amid the Roses fierce Repentance rears 995
 Her snaky Crest : a quick-returning Pang
 Shoots thro' the conscious Heart ; where Honour still,
 And great Design, against th' oppressive Load
 Of Luxury, by Fits, impatient heave.

BUT

B U T absent, what fantastic Woes, arous'd, 1000
 Rage in each Thought, by restless Musing fed,
 Chill the warm Cheek, and blast the Bloom of Life ?
 Neglected Fortune flies ; and sliding swift,
 Prone into Ruin, fall his scorn'd Affairs.
 'Tis nought but Gloom around. The darken'd Sun
 Loses his Light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring 1006
 To weeping Fancy pines ; and yon bright Arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky Vault.
 All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every Thought, 1010
 Fills every Sense, and pants in every Vein.
 Books are but formal Dulness, tedious Friends ;
 And sad amid the social Band he sits,
 Lonely, and unattentive. From the Tongue
 Th' unfinish'd Period falls : while borne away, 1015
 On swelling Thought, his wasted Spirit flies
 To the vain Bosom of his distant Fair ;
 And leaves the Semblance of a Lover, fix'd
 In melancholy Site, with Head declin'd,
 And love-dejected Eyes. Sudden he starts, 1020
 Shook from his tender Trance, and restless runs
 To glimmering Shades, and sympathetic Glooms ;
 Where the dun Umbrage o'er the falling Stream,
 Romantic, hangs ; there thro the pensive Dusk
 Strays, in heart-thrilling Meditation lost, 1025
 Indulging all to Love : or on the Bank

Thrown,

Thrown, amid drooping Lilies, swells the Breeze
 With Sighs unceasing, and the Brook with Tears.
 Thus in soft Anguish he consumes the Day,
 Nor quits his deep Retirement, till the Moon 1030
 Peeps thro the Chambers of the fleecy East,
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her Train
 Leads on the gentle Hours ; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling Languish of her Beam,
 With soften'd Soul, and woos the Bird of Eve 1035
 To mingle Woes with his : or while the World
 And all the Sons of Care lie hush'd in Sleep,
 Associates with the midnight Shadows drear ;
 And, sighing to the lonely Taper, pours
 His idly-tortur'd Heart into the Page, 1040
 Meant for the moving Messenger of Love ;
 Where Rapture burns on Rapture, every Line
 With rising Frenzy fir'd. But if on Bed
 Delirious flung, Sleep from his Pillow flies,
 All Night he tosses, nor the balmy Power 1045
 In any Posture finds ; till the grey Morn
 Lifts her pale Lustre on the paler Wretch,
 Exanimate by Love : and then perhaps
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to Rest,
 Still interrupted by distracted Dreams, 1050
 That o'er the sick Imagination rise,
 And in black Colours paint the mimick Scene.
 Oft with th' Enchantress of his Soul he talks ;
 Sometimes in Crouds distress'd ; or if retir'd

To

S P R I N G.

45

To secret-winding flower-enwoven Bowers, 1055
 Far from the dull Impertinence of Man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless Cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious Love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded Hand, he knows not how,
 Thro Forests huge, and long untravel'd Heaths 1060
 With Desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In Night and Tempest wrapt ; or shrinks aghast,
 Back, from the bending Precipice ; or wades
 The turbid Stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther Shore ; where succourless, and sad, 1065
 She with extended Arms his Aid implores,
 But strives in vain ; borne by th' outrageous Flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy Wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling Eddy sinks.
 These are the charming Agonies of Love, 1070
 Whose Misery delights. But thro the Heart
 Should Jealousy its Venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful Misery no more,
 But Agony unmix'd, incessant Gall,
 Corroding every Thought, and blasting all 1075
 Love's Paradise. Ye fairy Prospects, then,
 Ye Beds of Roses, and ye Bowers of Joy,
 Farewel ! Ye Gleamings of departed Peace,
 Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging Plague
 Internal Vision taints, and in a Night 1080
 Of livid Gloom Imagination wraps.
 Ah then instead of love-enliven'd Cheeks,

Of

Of sunny Features, and of ardent Eyes
 With flowing Rapture bright, dark Looks succeed,
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender Fire, 1085
 A clouded Aspect, and a burning Cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd Soul, malignant, sits,
 And frightens Love away Ten thousand Fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic Views
 Of horrid Rivals, hanging on the Charms 1090
 For which he melts in Fondness, eat him up
 With fervent Anguish, and consuming Rage.
 In vain Reproaches lend their idle Aid,
 Deceitful Pride, and Resolution frail,
 Giving false Peace a Moment. Fancy pours, 1095
 Afresh, her Beauties on his busy Thought,
 Her first Endearments, twining round the Soul,
 With all the Witchcraft of ensnaring Love.
 Strait the fierce Storm involves his Mind anew, 1099
 Flames thro the Nerves, and boils along the Veins :
 While anxious Doubt distracts the tortur'd Heart ;
 For even the sad Assurance of his Fears
 Were Peace to what he feels. Thus the warm Youth,
 Whom Love deludes into his thorny Wilds,
 Thro flowery-tempting Paths, or leads a Life 1105
 Of fever'd Rapture, or of cruel Care ;
 His brightest Aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively Moments running down to waste.

BUT

But happy they ! the happiest of their Kind !
 Whom gentler Stars unite, and in one Fate 1110
 Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their Beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser Tie of human Laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the Mind,
 That binds their Peace, but Harmony itself,
 Attuning all their Passions into Love ; 1115
 Where Friendship full-exerts her softest Power,
 Perfect Esteem enliven'd by Desire
 Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul ;
 Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will,
 With boundless Confidence : for nought but Love 1120
 Can answer Love, and render Bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from fordid Parents buys
 The loathing Virgin, in eternal Care,
 Well-merited, consume his Nights and Days : 1125
 Let barbarous Nations, whose inhuman Love
 Is wild Desire, fierce as the Suns they feel ;
 Let Eastern Tyrants from the Light of Heaven
 Seclude their Bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a meer, lifeless, violated Form : 1130
 While Those whom Love cements in holy Faith,
 And equal Transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining Fear. What is the World to them,
 Its Pomp, its Pleasure, and its Nonsense all !
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair 1135

High

High Fancy forms, and lavish Hearts can wish ;
 Something than Beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the Mind, or mind-illumin'd Face,
 Truth, Goodness, Honour, Harmony, and Love,
 The richest Bounty of indulgent HEAVEN. 1140
 Mean-time a smiling Offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their Graces. By degrees,
 The human Blossom blows ; and every Day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new Charm,
 The Father's Lustre, and the Mother's Bloom. 1145
 Then infant Reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind Hand of an assiduous Care.
 Delightful Task ! to rear the tender Thought,
 To teach the young Idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh Instruction o'er the Mind, 1150
 To breathe th' enlivening Spirit, and to fix
 The generous Purpose in the glowing Breast,
 Oh speak the Joy ! ye, whom the sudden Tear
 Surprizes often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your Eye but Sights of Bliss, 1155
 All various Nature pressing on the Heart :
 An elegant Sufficiency, Content,
 Retirement, rural Quiet, Friendship, Books,
 Ease and alternate Labour, useful Life,
 Progressive Virtue, and approving HEAVEN. 1160
 These are the matchless Joys of virtuous Love ;
 And thus their Moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring World they roll,

Still

S P R I N G.

49

Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING
Sheds her own rosy Garland on their Heads :

1165

Till Evening comes at last, serene and mild ;

When after the long vernal Day of Life,

Enamour'd more, as more Remembrance swells

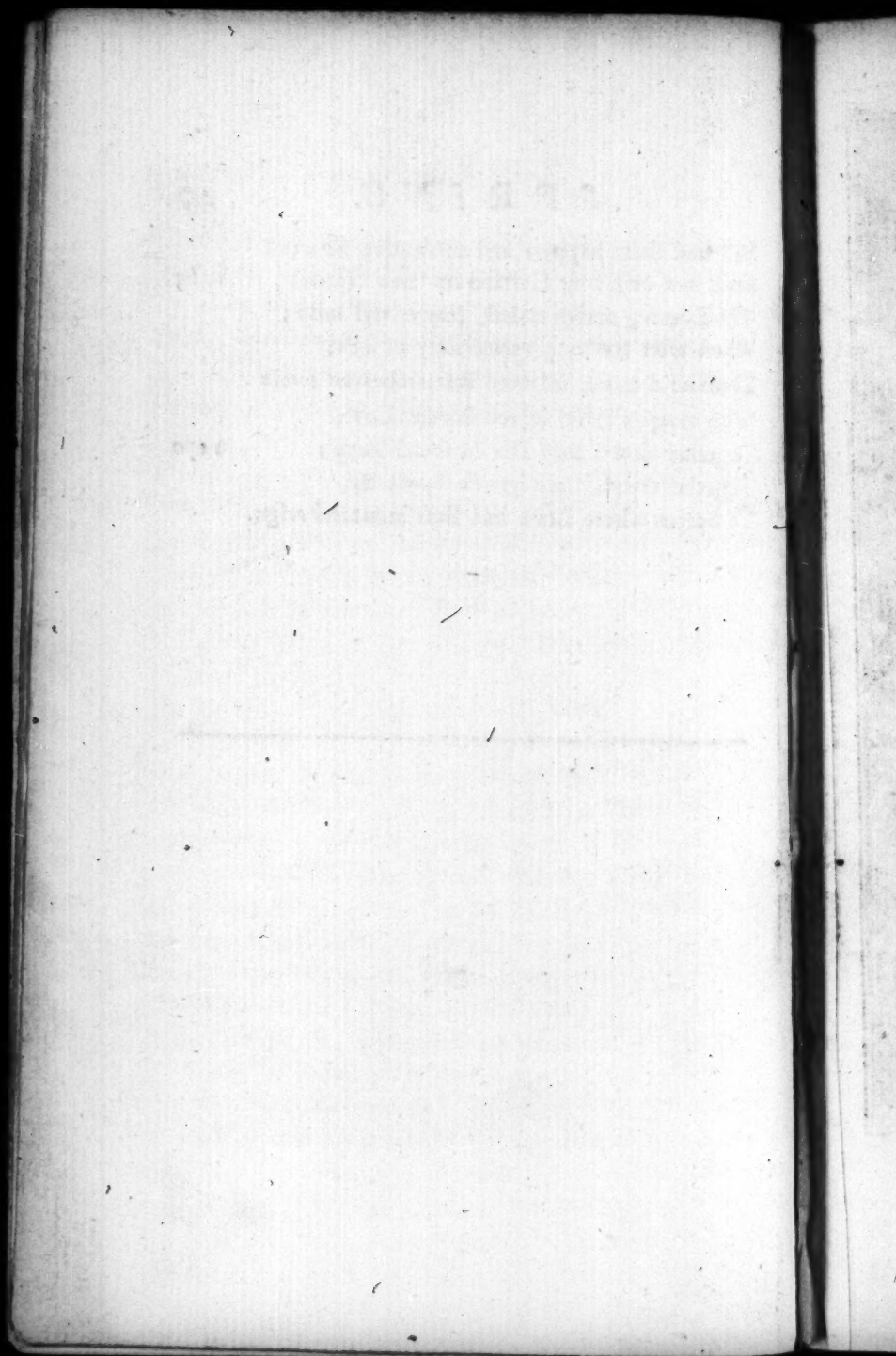
With many a Proof of recollected Love,

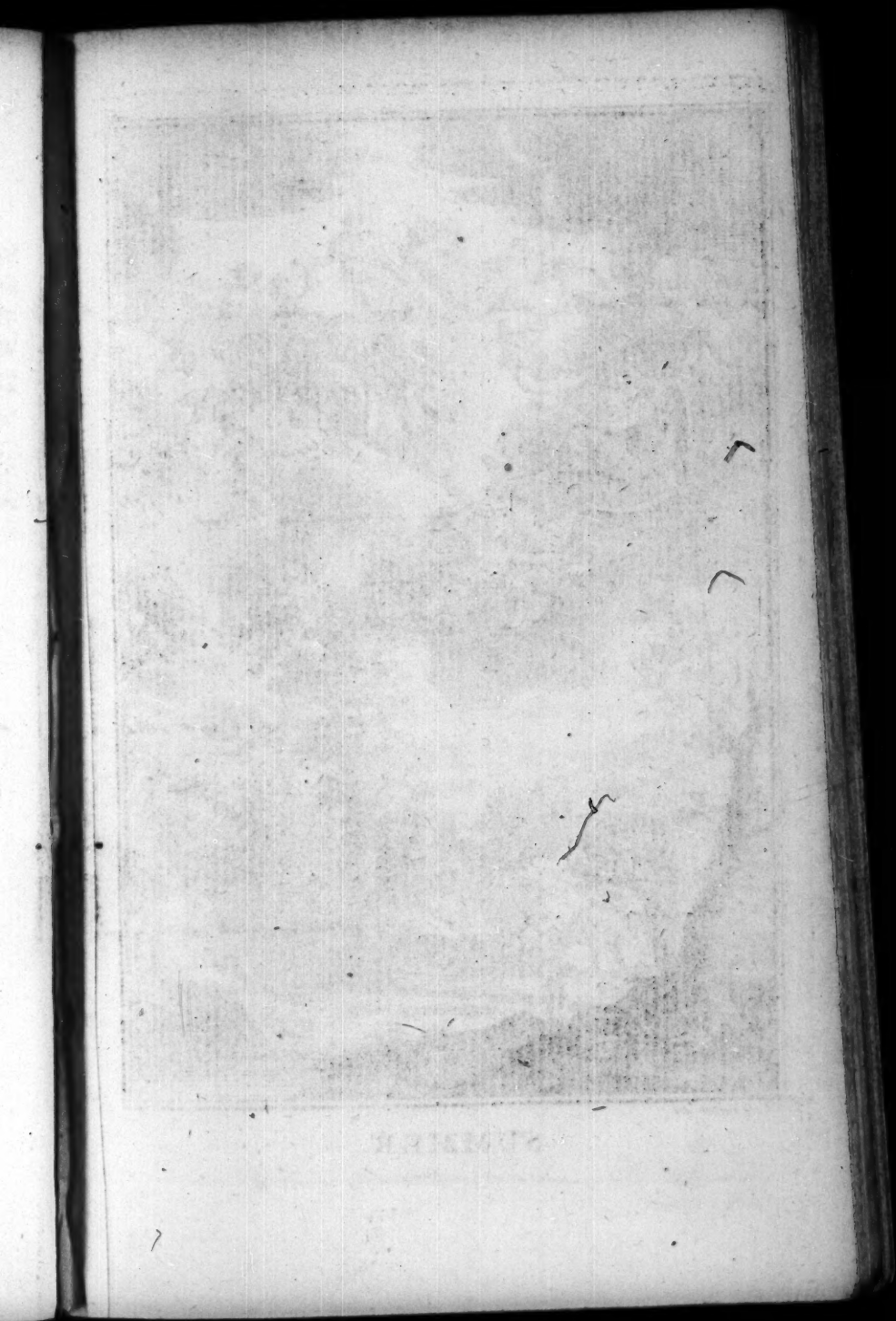
Together down they sink in social Sleep ;

1170

Together freed, their gentle Spirits fly

To Scenes where Love and Bliss immortal reign.







W. Kent inv. et del.

P. James de Loutherbourg sculp.

SUMMER.

9
1
S U M M E R.

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7 The ARGUMENT.

The Subject propos'd. Invocation. Address to Mr. DORINGTON. An introductory Reflection on the Motion of the Heavenly Bodies; whence the Succession of the Seasons. As the Face of Nature in this Season is almost uniform, the Progress of the Poem is a Description of a Summer's Day. The Dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer. Insects describ'd. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland Retreat. Groupe of Herds and Flocks. A solemn Grove. How it affects a contemplative Mind. A Cataract, and rude Scene. View of Summer in the torrid Zone. Storm of Thunder and Lightning. A Tale. The Storm over, a serene Afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the Prospect of a rich well-cultivated Country; which introduces a Panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer Meteors. A Comet. The whole concluding with the Praise of Philosophy.

S U M M E R.

FROM brightening Fields of Ether fair disclos'd,
 Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
 In pride of Youth, and felt thro' Nature's Depth :
 He comes attended by the sultry Hours,
 And ever-fanning Breezes, on his way ; 5
 While, from his ardent Look, the turning SPRING
 Averts her blushful face ; and Earth, and Skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot Dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood Shade,
 Where scarce a Sun-beam wanders thro' the Gloom ; 10
 And on the dark-green Grass, beside the Brink
 Of haunted Stream, that by the Roots of Oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky Channel, lie at large,
 And sing the Glories of the circling Year.

COME, *Inspiration* ! from thy Hermit-Seat, 15
 By Mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious Eye, and raptur'd Glance

D 4

Shot

Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one Look
 Creative of the Poet, every Power
 Exalting to an Ecstasy of Soul.

20

AND thou, my youthful Muse's early Friend,
 In whom the Human Graces all unite :
 Pure Light of Mind, and Tendernefs of Heart ;
 Genius, and Wisdom ; the gay ſocial Senſe,
 By Decency chaſtis'd ; Goodnefs and Wit, 25
 In ſeldom-meeting Harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd Honour, and an active Zeal,
 For BRITAIN'S Glory, Liberty, and Man :
 O DODINGTON ! attend my rural Song,
 Stoop to my Theme, inſpirit every Line, 30
 And teach me to deſerve thy juſt Applauſe.

WITH what an awful world-revolving Power,
 Were firſt th' unwieldy Planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable Void ! Thus to remain,
 Amid the Flux of many thouſand Years, 35
 That oft has ſwept the toiling Race of Men,
 And all their labour'd Monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchleſs, in their Courſe ;
 To the kind-temper'd Change of Night and Day,
 And of the Seaſons ever ſtealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful : Such TH'ALL-PERFECT HAND,
 That poiſ'd, impels, and rules the ſteady Whole.

WHEN

WHEN now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
 And *Cancer* reddens with the solar Blaze,
 Short is the doubtful Empire of the Night ;
 And soon, observant of approaching Day, 45
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews,
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled East :
 Till far o'er Ether spreads the widening Glōw ;
 And, from before the Lustre of her Face,
 White break the Clouds away. With quicken'd Step, 50
 Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny Prospekt wide.
 The dripping Rock the Mountain's misty Top
 Swell on the Sight, and brighten with the Dawn.
 Blue, thro the Dust, the smoaking Currents shine ; 55
 And from the bladed Field the fearful Hare
 Limp, aukward : while along the Forest-glade
 The wild Deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early Passenger. Musick awakes,
 The native Voice of undissembled Joy ; 60
 And thick around the woodland Hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves
 His mossy Cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells ;
 And from the crouded Fold, in Order, drives
 His Flock, to taste the Verdure of the Morn. 65

FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake ;
 And, springing from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy

The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,
 To Meditation due, and sacred Song ?
 For is there aught in Sleep can charm the Wife ? 70
 To lie in dead Oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting Moments of too short a Life ?
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd Soul ;
 Or else to feverish Vanity alive,
 Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd Dreams ? 75
 Who would in such a gloomy State remain,
 Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse
 And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious Morning-walk ?

B U T yonder comes the powerful King of Day, 80
 Rejoicing in the East. The lessening Cloud,
 The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brow
 Illum'd with fluid Gold, his near Approach
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air, 85
 He looks in boundless Majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining Day, that burnish'd plays
 On Rocks, and Hills, and Towers, and wandering Streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer Light !
 Of all material Beings first, and best ! 90
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent Robe !
 Without whose vesting Beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential Gloom ; and thou, O Sun !

S U M M E R.

59

Soul of surrounding Worlds ! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

95

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive Force,
As with a Chain indissoluble bound,
Thy System rolls entire : from the far Bourne
Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his Round
Of thirty Years ; to *Mercury*, whose Disk 100
Can scarce be caught by Philosophic Eye,
Loft in the near Effulgence of thy Blaze.

INFORMER of the planetary Train !
Without whose quickening Glance their cumbrous Orbs
Were brute unlovely Mass, inert and dead, 105
And not as now the green Abodes of Life ;
How many Forms of Being wait on thee !
Inhaling Spirit ; from th' unfetter'd Mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily Race,
The mixing Myriads of thy setting Beam. 110

THE vegetable World is also thine,
Parent of *Seasons* ! who the Pomp precede
That waits thy Throne, as thro' thy vast Domain,
Annual, along the bright Ecliptic-Road,
In World-rejoicing State, it moves sublime. 115
Mean-time th' expecting Nations, circled gay
With all the various Tribes of foodful Earth,
Implore thy Bounty, or send grateful up

A common Hymn : while, round thy beaming Car,
 High-seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly Dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,
 The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*, 120
 Of Bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,
 And soften'd into Joy the furlly *Storms*.
 These, in successive Turn, with lavish Hand,
 Shower every Beauty, every Fragrance shower,
 Herbs, Flowers, and Fruits ; till, kindling at thy Touch,
 From Land to Land is flush'd the vernal Year. 126

NOR to the Surface of enliven'd Earth,
 Graceful with Hills and Dales, and leafy Woods,
 Her liberal Treffes, is thy Force confin'd :
 But, to the bowel'd Cavern darting deep, 130
 The mineral Kinds confess thy mighty Power.
 Effulgent, hence the veiny Marble shines ;
 Hence Labour draws his Tools ; hence burnish'd War
 Gleams on the Day ; the nobler Works of Peace
 Hence bless Mankind, and generous Commerce binds 135
 The Round of Nations in a golden Chain.

TH' UNFRUITFUL Rock itself impregn'd by thee,
 In dark Retirement, forms the lucid Stone.
 The lively Diamond drinks thy purest Rays,
 Collected Light, compact ; that polish'd bright, 140
 And all its native Lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the Fair-one's Breast,

With

S U M M E R.

61

With vain Ambition emulate her Eyes.
 At thee the Ruby lights its deepening Glow,
 And with a waving Radiance inward flames. 145
 From thee the Sapphire, solid Ether, takes
 Its Hue cerulean ; and, of evening Tinct,
 The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
 With thy own Smile the yellow Topaz burns.
 Nor deeper Verdure dyes the Robe of Spring, 150
 When first she gives it to the southern Gale,
 Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
 Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy Beams ;
 Or, flying several from its Surface, form
 A trembling Variance of revolving Hues, 155
 As the Site varies in the Gazer's Hand.

THE very dead Creation, from thy Touch,
 Assumes a mimic Life. By thee refin'd,
 In brighter Mazes, the relucant Stream
 Plays o'er the Mead. The Precipice abrupt, 160
 Projecting Horror on the blacken'd Flood,
 Softens at thy return. The Desert joys
 Wildly, thro all his melancholy Bounds.
 Rude Ruins glitter ; and the briny Deep,
 Seen from some pointed Promontory's Top, 165
 Far to the blue Horizon's utmost Verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating Gleam. But This,
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy Beauty, Dignity, and Use,

Unequal

Unequal far, great delegated Source, 170
Of Light, and Life, and Grace, and Joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM,
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated Light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal Eye, or Angel's purer Ken; 175
Whose single Smile has, from the first of Time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those Lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever thro the boundless Sky:
But, should he hide his Face, th' astonish'd Sun,
And all th' extinguish'd Stars, would loosening reel 180
Wide from their Spheres, and Chaos come again.

AND yet was every faltering Tongue of Man,
ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy Praise;
Thy Works themselves would raise a general Voice,
Even in the Depth of solitary Woods, 185
By human Foot untrod, proclaim thy Power,
And to the Quire celestial THEE resound,
Th' eternal Cause, Support, and End of all!

To me be Nature's Volume broad-display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing Page, 190
Or, haply catching Inspiration thence,
Some easy Passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole Delight; as thro the falling Gloom

Pensiva

S U M M E R.

63

Pensive I stray, or with the rising Dawn
On Fancy's Eagle-wing excursive soar.

195

Now, flaming up the Heavens, the potent Sun
Melts into limpid Air the high-rai'd Clouds,
And morning Fogs, that hover'd round the Hills
In party-colour'd Bands; till wide unveil'd
The Face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere. 201

HALF in a Blush of clustering Roses lost,
Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the Shade retires;
There, on the verdant Turf, or flowery Bed,
By gelid Founts and careless Rills to muse: 205
While tyrant *Heat*, disspreading thro' the Sky,
With rapid Sway, his burning Influence darts
On Man, and Beast, and Herb, and tepid Stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery Race,
Shed by the Morn, their new-flush'd Bloom resign, 210
Before the parching Beam? So fade the Fair,
When Fevers revel thro their azure Veins,
But one, the lofty Follower of the Sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow Leaves,
Drooping all Night; and, when he warm returns, 215
Points her enamour'd Bosom to his Ray.

HOMER.

HOME, from his morning Task, the Swain retreats;
 His Flock before him stepping to the Fold :
 While the full-udder'd Mother lows around
 The chearful Cottage, then expecting Food, 220
 The Food of Innocence, and Health! The Daw,
 The Rook and Magpie, to the grey-grown Oaks
 (That the calm Village in their verdant Arms,
 Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy Flight;
 Where on the mingling Boughs they sit embower'd, 225
 All the hot Noon, till cooler Hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household Fowls convene;
 And, in a Corner of the buzzing Shade,
 The House-Dog, with the vacant Greyhound, lies,
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his Slumbers one 230
 Attacks the nightly Thief, and one exults
 O'er Hill and Dale; till waken'd by the Wasp,
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
 To let the little noisy Summer-race
 Live in her Lay, and flutter thro her Song, 235
 Not mean tho simple: to the Sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating Fire.

WAK'D by his warmer Ray, the reptile Young
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light Air upborn,
 Lighter, and full of Soul. From every Chink, 240
 And secret Corner, where they slept away
 The wintry Storms; or rising from their Tombs,

To

To higher Life ; by Myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour ; of all the vary'd Hues
 Their Beauty-beaming Parent can disclose. 245
 Ten thousand Forms ! Ten thousand different Tribes !
 People the Blaze. To sunny Waters some
 By fatal Instinct fly ; where on the Pool
 They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the Stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed Trout, 250
 Or darting Salmon. Thro the green-wood Glade
 Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
 In the fresh Leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The Meads their choice, and visit every Flower,
 And every latent Herb : for the sweet Task, 255
 To propagate their Kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft Beds, their Young yet undisclos'd,
 Employs their tender Care. Some to the House,
 The Fold, and Dairy, hungry, bend their Flight ;
 Sip round the Pail, or taste the curdling Cheese : 260
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky Stream
 They meet their Fate ; or, weltering in the Bowl,
 With powerless Wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless Flies the Window proves
 A constant Death ; where, gloomily retir'd, 265
 The villain Spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled Heap
 Of Carcasses, in eager Watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving Snares around.

Near

Near the dire Cell the dreadful Wanderer oft 270
 Passes, as oft the Russian shows his Front,
 The Prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
 With rapid Glide, along the leaning Line ;
 And, fixing in the Wretch his cruel Fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd : the fluttering Wing,
 And shriller Sound declare extreme Distress, 276
 And ask the helping hospitable Hand!

RESOUNDS the living Surface of the Ground :
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless Hum,
 To him who muses thro the Woods at Noon ; 280
 Or drowsy Shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut Eyes, beneath the floating Shade
 Of Willows grey, close-crouding o'er the Brook.

GRADUAL, from These what numerous Kinds descend,
 Evading even the microscopic Eye ! 285
 Full Nature swarms with Life ; one wondrous Mass
 Of Animals, or Atoms organiz'd,
 Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAVEN
 Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary Fen,
 In putrid Steams, emits the living Cloud 290
 Of Pestilence. Thro subterranean Cells,
 Where searching Sun-Beams scarce can find a Way,
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery Leaf
 Wants not its soft Inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding Citadel, the Stone 295
 Holds

Holds Multitudes. But chief the Forest-Boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful Breeze,
 The downy Orchard, and the melting Pulp
 Of mellow Fruit, the nameless Nations feed
 Of evanescent Insects. Where the Pool 300
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
 Amid the floating Verdure Millions stray.
 Each Liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the Taste,
 With various Forms abounds. Nor is the Stream 305
 Of purest Crystal, nor the lucid Air,
 Tho one transparent Vacancy it seems,
 Void of their unseen People. These, conceal'd
 By the kind Art of forming H E A V E N, escape
 The grosser Eye of Man: for, if the Worlds 310
 In Worlds inclos'd should on his Senses burst,
 From Cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd Bowl,
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead Night,
 When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with Noise.

LET no presuming impious Railer tax 315
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable Ends.
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
 His Works unwise, of which the smallest Part
 Exceeds the narrow Vision of her Mind? 320
 As if upon a full-proportion'd Dome,
 On swelling Columns heav'd, the Pride of Art!

A Critic-Fly, whose feeble Ray scarce spreads
 An Inch around, with blind Presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the Structure of the Whole. 325
 And lives the Man, whose universal Eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded Scheme of Things;
 Mark'd their Dependance so, and firm Accord,
 As with unfaltering Accent to conclude
 That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen 330
 The mighty Chain of Beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the Brink
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate Abyfs!
 From which astonish'd Thought, recoiling, turns?
 Till then alone let zealous Praise ascend, 335
 And Hymns of holy Wonder, to that POWER,
 Whose Wisdom shines as lovely on our Minds,
 As on our smiling Eyes his Servant-Sun.

THICK in yon Stream of Light, a thousand Ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd, 340
 The quivering Nations sport; till, Tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the Face of Day.
 Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass
 An idle Summer-Life in Fortune's Shine,
 A Season's Glitter! Thus they flutter on 345
 From Toy to Toy, from Vanity to Vice;
 Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the Book of Life.

Now

Now swarms the Village o'er the jovial Mead:
 The rustic Youth, brown with meridian Toil, 350
 Healthful, and strong; full as the Summer-Rose
 Blown by prevailing Suns, the ruddy Maid,
 Half naked, swelling on the Sight, and all
 Her kindled Graces burning o'er her Cheek.
 Even stooping Age is here; and Infant-Hands 355
 Trail the long Rake, or, with the fragrant Load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind Oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded Grain; all in a Row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the Field,
 They spread the breathing Harvest to the Sun, 360
 That throws refreshful round a rural Smell:
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing Ground,
 And drive the dusky Wave along the Mead,
 The russet Hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from Dale to Dale, 365
 Waking the Breeze, resounds the blended Voice
 Of happy Labour, Love, and social Glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive Band,
 They drive the troubled Flocks, by many a Dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running Brook 370
 Forms a deep Pool: this Bank abrupt and high,
 And That fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
 Urg'd to the giddy Brink, much is the Toil,
 The Clamour much of Men, and Boys, and Dogs,
 Ere

Ere the soft fearful People to the Flood 375
 Commit their woolly Sides. And oft the Swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing Wave,
 And panting labour to the farther Shore. 380
 Repeated This, till deep the well-wash'd Fleece
 Has drunk the Flood, and from his lively Haunt
 The Trout is banish'd by the sordid Stream ;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy Brow
 Slow-move the harmless Race : where, as they spread
 Their swelling Treasures to the sunny Ray, 386
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
 Outrageous Tumult means, their loud Complaints
 The Country fill ; and, tofs'd from Rock to Rock,
 Incessant Bleatings run around the Hills. 390
 At last, of snowy White, the gather'd Flocks
 Are in the wattled Pen innumeros press'd,
 Head above Head ; and, rang'd in lusty Rows,
 The Shepherds sit, and whet the sounding Shears.
 The Housewife waits to roll her fleecy Stores, 395
 With all her gay-drest Maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious Dignity inthron'd,
 Shines o'er the Rest, the pastoral Queen, and rays
 Her Smiles, sweet-beaming, on her Shepherd-King ;
 While the glad Circle round them yield their Souls 400
 To festive Mirth, and Wit that knows no Gall.
 Meantime, their joyous Task goes on apace :
 Some

S U M M E R.

71

Some mingling stir the melted Tar, and Some,
 Deep on the new-shorn Vagrant's heaving Side,
 To stamp his Master's Cipher ready stand ; 405
 Others th' unwilling Wether drag along,
 And, glorying in his Might, the sturdy Boy
 Holds by the twisted Horns th' indignant Ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its Robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending Lord, 410
 How meek, how patient, the mild Creature lies !
 What Softness in its melancholy Face,
 What dumb complaining Innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle Tribes, 'tis not the Knife
 Of horrid Slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ; 415
 No, 'tis the tender Swain's well-guided Shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual Care,
 Borrow'd your Fleece, to you a cumbrous Load,
 Will send you bounding to your Hills again.

A simple Scene ! yet hence BRITANNIA sees 420
 Her solid Grandeur rise : hence she commands
 Th' exalted Stores of every brighter Clime,
 The Treasures of the Sun without his Rage :
 Hence, fervent all, with Culture, Toil, and Arts,
 Wide glows her Land : her dreadful Thunder hence 425
 Rides o'er the Waves sublime, and now, even now,
 Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled Coast,
 Hence rules the circling Deep, and awes the World.

'T IS

'Tis raging Noon ; and, vertical, the Sun
 Darts on the Head direct his forceful Rays. 430
 O'er Heaven and Earth, far as the ranging Eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling Deluge reigns ; and all
 From Pole to Pole is undistinguish'd Blaze.
 In vain the Sight, dejected to the Ground,
 Stoops for Relief ; thence hot ascending Steams 435
 And keen Reflection pain. Deep to the Root
 Of Vegetation parch'd, the cleaving Fields
 And slippery Lawn an arid Hue disclose,
 Blast Fancy's Blooms, and wither even the Soul.
 Echo no more returns the cheerful Sound 440
 Of sharpening Scythe : the Mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid Hay, with Flowers perfum'd ;
 And scarce a chirping Grass-hopper is heard
 Thro the dumb Mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very Streams look languid from afar ; 445
 Or, thro th' unshelter'd Glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the Covert of the Grove.

ALL-CONQUERING Heat, oh intermit thy Wrath !
 And on my throbbing Temples potent thus
 Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow, 45
 And still another fervent Flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the Head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 And restless turn, and look around for Night ;
 Night is far off ; and hotter Hours approach.

Twice

S U M M E R.

73

Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side 455
 Of a romantic Mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected Shade reclines :
 Or in the gelid Caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting Streams,
 Sits coolly calm ; while all the World without, 460
 Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in Noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
 Who keeps his temper'd Mind serene, and pure,
 And every Passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring World with Vice inflam'd. 465

WELCOME, ye Shades ! ye bowery Thickets, hail !
 Ye lofty Pines ! ye venerable Oaks !
 Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the Steep !
 Delicious is your Shelter to the Soul,
 As to the hunted Hart the fallying Spring, 470
 Or Stream full-flowing, that his swelling Sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd Brink.
 Cool, thro' the Nerves, your pleasing Comfort glides ;
 The Heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded Eye
 And Ear resume their watch ; the Sinews knit ; 475
 And Life shoots swift thro all the lighten'd Limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining Brook, that purls along
 The vocal Grove, now fretting o'er a Rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro a reedy Pool,
 Now starting to a sudden Stream, and now 480

E

Gently

Gently diffus'd into a limpid Plain ;
 A various Groupe the Herds and Flocks compose,
 Rural Confusion! On the grassy Bank
 Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
 Half in the Flood, and often bending sip 485
 The circling Surface. In the Middle droops
 The strong laborious Ox, of honest Front,
 Which incompos'd he shakes ; and from his Sides
 The troublous Insects lashes with his Tail,
 Returning still. Amid his Subjects safe, 490
 Slumbers the Monarch-Swain ; his careless Arm
 Thrown round his Head, on downy Moës sustain'd ;
 Here laid his Scrip, with wholesome Viands fill'd :
 There, listening every Noise, his watchful Dog.

LIGHT fly his Slumbers, if perchance a Flight 495
 Of angry Gad-Flies fasten on the Herd ;
 That startling scatters from the shallow Brook,
 In search of lavish Stream. Tossing the Foam,
 They scorn the Keeper's Voice, and scowr the Plain,
 Thro all the bright Severity of Noon ; 500
 While, from their labouring Breasts, a hollow Moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the Hills.

OFT in this Season too the Horse, provok'd,
 While his big Sinews full of Spirits swell,
 Trembling with Vigour, in the Heat of Blood, 505
 Springs the high Fence ; and, o'er the Field effus'd,

Darts

S U M M E R.

75

Darts on the gloomy Flood, with stedfast Eye,
And Heart estrang'd to Fear : his nervous Chest,
Luxuriant, and erect, the Seat of Strength !
Bears down th' opposing Stream : quenchless his Thirst ;
He takes the River at redoubled Draughts ; 511
And with wide Nostrils, snorting, skims the Wave.

STILL let me pierce into the midnight Depth
Of yonder Grove, of wildest largest Growth :
That, forming high in Air a woodland Quire, 515
Nods o'er the Mount beneath. At every Step,
Solemn, and slow, the Shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening Gloom around.

THESE are the Haunts of Meditation, These
The Scenes where antient Bards th' inspiring Breath, 520
Extatic, felt ; and, from this World retir'd,
Convers'd with Angels, and immortal Forms,
On gracious Errands bent : to save the Fall
Of Virtue struggling on the Brink of Vice ;
In waking Whispers, and repeated Dreams, 525
To hint pure Thought, and warn the favour'd Soul
For future Trials fated to prepare ;
To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better Themes ; to sooth the Pangs
Of dying Worth, and from the Patriot's Breast, 530
(Backward to mingle in detested War,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the Death ;

E 2

And

And numberless such Offices of Love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the Bosom of the Sky, 535
A thousand Shapes or glide athwart the Dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred Terror, a severe Delight,
Creep thro my mortal Frame; and thus, methinks,
A Voice, than Human more, th' abstracted Ear 540
Of Fancy strikes. " Be not of us afraid,
" Poor kindred Man! thy Fellow-creatures, we
" From the same PARENT-POWER our Beings drew,
" The same our Lord, and Laws, and great Pursuit.
" Once some of us, like thee, thro stormy Life, 545
" Toil'd, Tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
" This holy Calm, this Harmony of Mind,
" Where Purity and Peace imingle Charms.
" Then fear not us; but with responsive Song,
" Amid these dim Recesses, undisturb'd 550
" By noisy Folly and discordant Vice,
" Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
" Here frequent, at the Visionary Hour,
" When musing Midnight reigns or silent Noon,
" Angelic Harps are in full Concert heard, 555
" And Voices chaunting from the Wood-crown'd Hill,
" The deepening Dale, or inmost silvan Glade:
" A Privilege bestow'd by us, alone,

" On

S U M M E R.

77

“ On Contemplation, or the hallow'd Ear
“ Of Poet, swelling to seraphic Strain.”

560

AND art thou, *STANLEY, of that sacred Band?
Alas, for us too soon!—Tho rais'd above
The Reach of human Pain, above the Flight
Of human Joy; yet, with a mingled Ray
Of sadly-pleas'd Remembrance, must thou feel. 565
A Mother's Love, a Mother's tender Woe:
Who seeks Thee still, in many a former Scene;
Seeks thy fair Form, thy lovely-beaming Eyes,
Thy pleasing Converse, by gay lively Sense
Inspir'd: where moral Wisdom mildly shone, 570
Without the Toil of Art; and Virtue glow'd,
In all her Smiles, without forbidding Pride.
But, O thou best of Parents! wipe thy Tears;
Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
The Tears of grateful Joy, who for a while 575
Lent thee this younger Self, this opening Bloom
Of thy enlighten'd Mind and gentle Worth.
Believe the Muse: the wintry Blast of Death
Kills not the Buds of Virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly Beam of brighter Suns, 580
Thro endless Ages, into higher Powers.

THUS up the Mount, in airy Vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the Sound

E 3

Qf

* A Young Lady, well known to the Author, who died
at the Age of Eighteen, in the Year 1738.

Of a near Fall of Water every Sense
 Wakes from the Charm of Thought : swift-shrinking back,
 I check my Steps, and view the broken Scene. 586

S M O O T H to the shelving Brink a copious Flood
 Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,
 In one impetuous Torrent, down the Steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the Country round. 590
 At first, an azure Sheet, it rushes broad ;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
 And from the loud-resounding Rocks below
 Dash'd in a Cloud of Foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary Mist, and forms a ceaseless Shower. 595
 Nor can the tortur'd Wave here find Repose :
 But, raging still amid the shaggy Rocks,
 Now flishes o'er the scatter'd Fragments, now
 Assault the hollow'd Channel rapid darts ;
 And falling fast from gradual Slope to Slope, 600
 With wild inflected Course, and lessen'd Roar,
 It gains a safer Bed, and steals, at last,
 Along the Mazes of the quiet Vale.

I N V I T E D from the Cliff, to whose dark Brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending Eagle soars, 605
 With upward Pinions thro the Flood of Day ;
 And, giving full his Bosom to the Blaze,
 Gains on the Sun ; while all the tuneful Race,
 Smit by afflictive Noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the Thicket ; or, from Bower to Bower 610
 Responsive,

Responsive, force an interrupted Strain.
 The Stock-Dove only thro the Forest cooes,
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his Plaint,
 Short Interval of weary Woe ! again
 The sad Idea of his murder'd Mate, 615
 Struck from his Side by savage Fowler's Guile,
 Across his Fancy comes ; and then resounds
 A louder Song of Sorrow thro the Grove.

BESIDE the dewy Border let me sit,
 All in the Freshness of the humid Air ; 620
 There on that hollow'd Rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample Chair Moss-lin'd, and over Head
 By flowering Umbrage shaded ; where the Bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted Balm
 Of fragrant Woodbine loads his little Thigh. 625

Now, while I taste the Sweetness of the Shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
 Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring Flight,
 And view the Wonders of the *torrid Zone* :
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose Rage compar'd, 630
 Yon Blaze is feeble, and yon Skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright-effulgent Sun,
 Rising direct, swift chafes from the Sky
 The short-liv'd Twilight ; and with ardent Blaze
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling Air : 635
 He mounts his Throne ; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the Portals of the Morn,

The * *general Breeze*, to mitigate his Fire,
 And breathe Refreshment on a fainting World.
 Great are the Scenes, with dreadful Beauty crown'd 640
 And barbarous Wealth, that see, each circling Year,
 Returning Suns and † *double Seasons* pass :
 Rocks rich in Gems, and Mountains big with Mines,
 That on the high Equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting Stream auriferous plays : 645
 Majestic Woods, of every vigorous Green,
 Stage above Stage, high-waving o'er the Hills ;
 Or to the far Horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep Immensity of Shade.
 Here lofty Trees, to ancient Song unknown, 650
 The noble Sons of potent Heat and Floods
 Prone-rushing from the Clouds, rear high to Heaven -
 Their thorny Steins, and broad around them throw
 Meridian Gloom. Here, in eternal Prime,
 Unnumber'd Fruits, of keen delicious Taste 655
 And vital Spirit, drink amid the Cliffs,
 And burning Sands that bank the shrubby Vales,
 Redoubled Day, yet in their rugged Coats
 A friendly Juice to cool its Rage contain.

B E A R

* Which blows constantly between the Tropics from the East, or the collateral Points, the North-East and South-East : caused by the Pressure of the rarefied Air on That before it, according to the diurnal Motion of the Sun from East to West.

† In all Places between the Tropics, the Sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual Motion, is twice a-year perpendicular, which produces this Effect.

BEAR me, *Pomona* ! to thy Citron-Groves ; 660
 To where the Lemon and the piercing Lime,
 With the deep Orange, glowing thro' the Green,
 Their lighter Glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading Tamarind that shakes;
 Fann'd by the Breeze, its Fever-cooling Fruit. 665
 Deep in the Night the massy Locust sheds,
 Quench my hot Limbs ; or lead me thro the Maze,
 Embowering endless, of the *Indian* Fig ;
 Or thrown at gayer Ease, on some fair Brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy Murmurs cool'd, 670
 Broad o'er my Head the verdant Cedar wave,
 And high Palmetos lift their graceful Shade.
 O stretch'd amid these Orchards of the Sun,
 Give me to drain the Cocoa's milky Bowl,
 And from the Palm to draw its freshening Wine ! 675
 More bounteous far than all the frantic Juice
 Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender Twigs
 Low-bending, be the full Pomegranate scorn'd ;
 Nor, creeping thro the Woods, the gelid Race
 Of Berries. Oft in humble Station dwells 680
 Unboastful Worth, above fastidious Pomp.
 Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the Pride
 Of vegetable Life, beyond whate'er
 The Poets imag'd in the golden Age :
 Quick, let me strip thee of thy tufty Coat, 685
 Spread thy ambrosial Stores, and feast with *Jove* !

FROM These the Prospect varies. Plains immense-
Lie stretch'd below, interminable Meads, 680.
And vast Savannahs, where the wandering Eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant Ocean lost.

Another *Flora* there, of bolder Hues,
And richer Sweets, beyond our Garden's Pride,
Plays o'er the Fields, and showers with sudden Hand 685

Exuberant Spring: for oft these Valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd Robe to fiery Brown,
And swift to Green again, as scorching Suns,
Or streaming Dews and torrent Rains, prevail.
Along these lonely Regions, where retir'd, 690

From little Scenes of Art, great *Nature* dwells
In awful Solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild Herds that own no Master's Stall,
Prodigious Rivers roll their fatning Seas :
On whose luxuriant Herbage, half-conceal'd, 695

Like a fallen Cedar, far diffus'd his Train,
Cas'd in green Scales, the Crocodile extends.
The Flood disparts: behold! in plaited Mail,
* Behemoth rears his Head. Glanc'd from his Side,
The dent'd Steel in idle Shivers flies : 700

He fearless walks the Plain, or seeks the Hills;
Where, as he crops his vary'd Fare, the Herds,
In widening Circle round, forget their Food,
And at the harmless Stranger wondering gaze.

PEACEFUL,

* *The Hippopotamus, or River-Horse.*

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval Trees, that cast 705
 Their ample Shade o'er *Niger's* yellow Stream,
 And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred Wave ;
 Or mid the Central Depth of blackning Woods,
 High-rai'd in solemn Theater around,
 Leans the huge Elephant : wisest of Brutes ! 710
 O truly wise ! with gentle Might endow'd,
 Tho powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees
 Revolving Ages sweep the changeful Earth,
 And Empires rise and fall ; regardless he
 Of what the never-resting Race of Men 715
 Project : thrice happy ! could he scape their Guile,
 Who mine, from cruel Avarice, his Steps ;
 Or with his towry Grandeur swell their State,
 The Pride of Kings ! or else his Strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal Fray, 720
 Astonish'd at the Madness of Mankind.

WIDE o'er the winding Umbrage of the Floods,
 Like vivid Blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter Birds. For Nature's Hand,
 That with a sportive Vanity has deck'd 725
 The plummy Nations, there her gayest Hues
 Profusely pours. * But, if she bids them shine,

E 6

Array'd

* In all the Regions of the torrid Zone, the Birds,
 the more beautiful in their Plumage, are observed to be
 less melodious than ours.

Array'd in all the beauteous Beams of Day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in Song.
 Nor envy we the gaudy Robes they lent 730
 Proud *Montezuma's* Realm, whose Legions cast
 A boundless Radiance waving on the Sun,
 While Philomel is ours, while in our Shades,
 Thro the soft Silence of the listening Night,
 The sober-suited Songstress trills her Lay. 735

But come, my *Muse*, the Desert-Barrier burst,
 A wild Expanse of lifeless Sand and Sky:
 And, swifter than the toiling Caravan,
 Shoot o'er the Vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb
 The *Nubian* Mountains, and the secret Bounds 740
 Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.
 Thou art no *Russian*, who beneath the Mask
 Of social Commerce com'st to rob their Wealth;
 No *holy Fury* Thou, blaspheming HEAVEN,
 With consecrated Steel to stab their Peace, 745
 And thro the Land, yet red from Civil Wounds,
 To spread the purple Tyranny of *Rome*.
 Thou, like the harmless Bee, may'st freely range,
 From Mead to Mead bright with exalted Flowers,
 From Jasmine Grove to Grove, may'st wander gay, 750
 Thro Palmy Shades and Aromatic Woods,
 That grace the Plains, invest the peopled Hills,
 And up the more than Alpine Mountains wave.
 There on the breezy Summit, spreading fair,

For

S U M M E R.

85

For many a League ; or on stupendous Rocks, 755
 That from the Sun-redoubling Valley lift,
 Cool to the middle Air, their lawny Tops ;
 Where Palaces, and Fanes, and Villas rise ;
 And Gardens smile around, and cultur'd Fields ;
 And Fountains gush ; and careless Herds and Flocks 760
 Securely stray ; a World within itself,
 Disdaining all Assault : there let me draw
 Etherial Soul, there drink reviving Gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy Groves,
 And Vales of Fragrance ; there at distance hear 765
 The roaring Floods, and Cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd Earth the virgin Gold ;
 And o'er the vary'd Landskip, restless, rove,
 Fervent with Life of every fairer kind :
 A Land of Wonders ! which the Sun still eyes 770
 With Ray direct, as of the lovely Realm
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the Scene ! In blazing Height of Noon,
 The Sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest Gloom.
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary Twilight round, 775
 Of struggling Night and Day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot Equator crouding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding Air
 Admits their Stream, incessant Vapours roll,
 Amazing Clouds on Clouds continual heap'd ; 780
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty Wind,

Or

Or silent borne along, heavy, and flow,
 With the big Stores of steaming Oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper Seas, condens'd
 Around the cold aerial Mountain's Brow, 785
 And by conflicting Winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous Throne,
 From Cloud to Cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
 Till, in the furious elemental War
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated Mass 790
 Unbroken Floods and solid Torrents pours.

THE Treasures These, hid from the bounded Search
 Of ancient Knowledge; whence, with annual Pomp,
 Rich King of Floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
 From his two Springs, in *Gozam's* sunny Realm, 795
 Pure-welling out, he thro the lucid Lake
 Of fair *Dambea* rolls his Infant-Stream.
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful Youth, amid the fragrant Isles,
 That with unfading Verdure smile around. 800
 Ambitious, thence the manly River breaks;
 And gathering many a Flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd Treasures of the Sky,
 Winds in progressive Majesty along:
 Thro splendid Kingdoms now devolves his Maze, 805
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary Tracts
 Of Life-deserted Sand; till, glad to quit
 The joyless Desert, down the *Nubian* Rocks

From

S U M M E R.

87

From thundering Steep to Steep, he pours his Urn,
And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading Wave. 810

HIS Brother *Niger* too, and all the Floods
In which the full-form'd Maids of *Afric* lave
Their jetty Limbs; and all that from the Tract
Of woody Mountains stretch'd thro gorgeous *Ind*
Fall on *Cormandel's* Coast, or *Malabar*; 815
From * *Menam's* orient Stream, that nightly shines
With Insect-Lamps, to where *Aurora* sheds
On *Indus'* smiling Banks the rosy Shower:
All, at this bounteous Season, ope their Urns,
And pour untailing Harvest o'er the Land. 820

NOR less thy World, *COLUMBUS*, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish Moisture of the melting Year.
Wide o'er his Isles, the branching *Oronoque*
Rolls a brown Deluge; and the Native drives
To dwell aloft on Life-sufficing Trees, 825
At once his Dome, his Robe, his Food, and Arms.
Swell'd by a thousand Streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring *Andes*, huge descends
The mighty † *Orellana*. Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her Wing o'er this enormous Mass 830
Of

* *The River that runs thro Siam; on whose Banks a vast Multitude of those Insects called Fire-Flies make a beautiful Appearance in the Night.*

† *The River of the Amazons.*

Of rushing Water, scarce she dares attempt
 The Sea-like *Plata* ; to whose dread Expanse,
 Continuous Depth, and wondrous Length of Course,
 Our Floods are Rills. With unabated Force,
 In silent Dignity they sweep along, 835
 And traverse Realms unknown, and blooming Wilds,
 And fruitful Desarts, Worlds of Solitude,
 Where the Sun smiles and Seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forfaking These,
 O'er peopled Plains they fair-diffusive flow, 840
 And many a Nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft Bosom, many a happy Isle ;
 The Seat of blameless *Pan*, yet undisturb'd
 By christian Crimes and *Europe's* cruel Sons.
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the Deep, 845
 Whose vanquish'd Tide, recoiling from the Shock,
 Yields to this liquid Weight of half the Globe ;
 And Ocean trembles for his green Domain.

But what avails this wondrous Waste of Wealth ?
 This gay Profusion of luxurious Blifs ? 850
 This Pomp of Nature ? what their balmy Meads,
 Their powerful Herbs, and *Ceres* void of-Pain ?
 By vagrant Birds dispers'd, and wafting Winds,
 What their unplanted Fruits ? What the cool Draughts,
 Th' ambrosial Food, rich Gums, and spicy Health, 855
 Their Forests yield ? Their toiling Insects what,
 Their silky Pride, and vegetable Robes ?

Ah !

S U M M E R.

89

Ah! what avail their fatal Treasures, hid
 Deep in the Bowels of the pitying Earth,
Golconda's Gems, and sad *Potosi's* Mines ; 860
 Where dwelt the gentlest Children of the Sun ?
 What all that *Afric's* golden Rivers rowl,
 Her odorous Woods, and shining Ivory Stores ?
 Ill-fated Race ! the softening Arts of Peace,
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach ; 865
 The godlike Wisdom of the temper'd Breast ;
 Progressive Truth, the patient Force of Thought ;
 Investigation calm, whose silent Powers
 Command the World ; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN ;
 Kind equal Rule, the Government of Laws, 870
 And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone
 Sustains the Name and Dignity of Man :
 These are not theirs. The Parent-Sun himself
 Seems o'er this World of Slaves to tyrannize ;
 And, with oppressive Ray, the roseat Bloom 875
 Of Beauty blasting, gives the gloomy Hue,
 And Feature gross : or worse, to ruthless Deeds,
 Mad Jealousy, blind Rage, and fell Revenge,
 Their fervid Spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 The soft Regards, the Tenderness of Life, 880
 The Heart-shed Tear, th' ineffable Delight
 Of sweet Humanity : These court the Beam
 Of milder Climes ; in selfish fierce Desire,
 And the wild Fury of voluptuous Sense,

There

There lost. The very Brute-Creation there 885
This Rage partakes, and burns with horrid Fire.

Lo! the green Serpent, from his dark Abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At Noon forth-issuing, gathers up his Train
In Orbs immense, then, darting out anew, 890
Seeks the refreshing Fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his Folds: and while, with threatning Tongue,
And deathful Jaws erect, the Monster curls
His flaming Crest, all other Thirst, appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at Distance stands, 895
Nor dares approach. But still more direful He,
The small close-lurking Minister of Fate,
Whose high-concocted Venom thro the Veins
A rapid Lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital Current. Form'd to humble Man, 900
This Child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless Lust of Blood, the Savage Race
Roam, licens'd by the shading Hour of Guilt,
And foul Misdeed, when the pure Day has shut
His sacred Eye. The Tyger darting fierce, 905
Impetuous on the Prey his Glance has doom'd.
The lively-shining Leopard, speckled o'er
With many a Spot, the Beauty of the Waste;
And, scorning all the taming Arts of Man,
The keen Hyena, fellest of the Fell. 910
These, rushing from th' inhospitable Woods

Of

S U M M E R.

91

Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted Isles,
 That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* Wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy King,
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed Sand ; 915
 And, with imperious and repeated Roars,
 Demand their fated Food. The fearful Flocks
 Croud near the guardian Swain ; the nobler Herds,
 Where round their lordly Bull, in rural Ease,
 They ruminating lie, with Horror hear 920
 The coming Rage. Th' awaken'd Village starts ;
 And to her fluttering Breast the Mother strains
 Her thoughtless Infant. From the *Pirate's* Den,
 Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant Fang escap'd,
 The Wretch half-wishes for his Bonds again : 925
 While, Uproar all, the Wilderness resounds,
 From *Atlas* Eastward to the frighted *Nile*.

U N H A P P Y he ! who from the first of Joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone
 Amid this World of Death. Day after Day, 930
 Sad on the jutting Eminence he sits,
 And views the Main that ever toils below ;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest Verge,
 Where the round Ether mixes with the Wave,
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the Clouds, 935
 At Evening, to the setting Sun he turns
 A mournful Eye, and down his dying Heart
 Sinks helpless ; while the wonted Roar is up,

And

And His continual thro the tedious Night.
 Yet here, even here, into these black Abodes 940
 Of Monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,
 And guilty *Cæsar*, LIBERTY retir'd,
 Her CATO following thro *Numidian* Wilds:
 Disdainful of *Campania*'s gentle Plains,
 And all the green Delights *Aufonia* pours; 945
 When for them she must bend the servile Knee,
 And fawning take the splendid Robber's Boon.

NOR stop the Terrors of these Regions here.
 Commission'd Demons oft, Angels of Wrath,
 Let loose the raging Elements. Breath'd hot, 950
 From all the boundless Furnace of the Sky,
 And the wide glittering Waste of burning Sand,
 A suffocating Wind the Pilgrim smites
 With instant Death. Patient of Thirst and Toil,
 Son of the Desert! even the Camel feels, 955
 Shot thro his wither'd Heart, the fiery Blast.
 Or from the black-red Ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden Whirlwind. Strait the Sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering Eddies play:
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come; 960
 Till with the general all-involving Storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous Wilds arise;
 And by their noonday Fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at Night in sad disastrous Sleep,
 Beneath descending Hills, the Caravan 965
 Is

S U M M E R.

93

Is buried deep. In *Cairo's* crouded Streets,
Th' impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And *Mecca* saddens at the long Delay.

BuT chief at Sea, whose every flexile Wave
Obeys the Blast, th' aërial Tumult swells. 979
In the dread Ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant Line that girts the Globe,
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from Point to Point,
Exhausting all the Rage of all the Sky,
And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the Heavens; 975
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † Speck
Compress'd, the mighty Tempest brooding dwells.
Of no Regard, save to the skilful Eye,
Fiery and foul, the small Prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the Promontory's Brow 980
Musters its Force. A faint deceitful Calm,
A fluttering Gale, the Demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading Sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled Mass
Of roaring Winds, and Flame, and rushing Floods. 985
In wild Amazement fix'd the Sailor stands.
Art is too slow. By rapid Fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd Vessel drinks the whelming Tide,

Hid

* Typhon and Ecnephia, Terms for particular Storms
or Hurricanes known only between the Tropics.
† Called by Sailors the Ox-eye, being in Appearance
at first no bigger.

Hid in the Bosom of the black Abyfs.

With such mad Seas the daring * GAMA fought, 990

For many a Day, and many a dreadful Night,

Incessant, lab'ring round the *stormy Cape* ;

By bold Ambition led, and bolder Thirst

Of Gold. For then from antient Gloom emerg'd

The rising World of Trade : the *Genius*, then, 995

Of Navigation, that, in hopelefs Sloth,

Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic Deep,

For idle Ages, starting, heard at last

The † LUSITANIAN PRINCE ; who, HEAV'N-inspir'd,

To Love of useful Glory rous'd Mankind, 1000

And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the World.

INCREASING still the Terrors of these Storms,

His Jaws horrific arm'd with threefold Fate,

Here dwells the direful Shark. Lur'd by the Scent

Of steaming Crouds, of rank Disease, and Death, 1005

Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny Flood ;

Swift as the Gale can bear the Ship along ;

And, from the Partners, of that cruel Trade,

Which spoils unhappy *Guinea* of her Sons,

Demands his share of Prey, demands themselves. 1010

The

* VASCO DE GAMA, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good-Hope, to the East-Indies.

† DON HENRY, third Son to John the first, King of Portugal. His strong Genius to the Discovery of new Countries was the chief Source of all the modern Improvements in Navigation.

S U M M E R. 95

The stormy Fates descend : one Death involves
Tyrants and Slaves ; when strait, their mangled Limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple Seas
With Gore, and riots in the vengeful Meal.

WHEN o'er this World, by Equinoctial Rains 1015
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,
And draws the copious Steam : from swampy Fens,
Where Putrefaction into Life ferments,
And breathes destructive Myriads ; or from Woods,
Impenetrable Shades, Recesses foul, 1020
In Vapours rank and blue Corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy Horrors yet no desperate Foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent Disease.
A thousand hideous Fiends her Course attend, 1025
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless Woe,
And feeble Desolation, casting down
The towering Hopes and all the Pride of Man.
Such as, of late, at *Cartagena* quench'd
The BRITISH Fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw 1030
The miserable Scene ; you, pitying, saw,
To Infant-Weakness sunk the Warrior's Arm ;
Saw the deep-racking Pang, the ghastly Form,
The Lip pale-quivering, and the beamless Eye
No more with Ardor bright : you heard the Groans 1035
Of agonizing Ships, from Shore to Shore ;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen Waves,

The

The frequent Corse ; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad Prefage, the blank Assistants seem'd,
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand. 1040

WHAT need I mention those inclement Skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening City, Plague,
 The fiercest Child of NEMESIS DIVINE,
 Descends ? * From *Ethiopia's* poison'd Woods,
 From stifled *Cairo's* Filth, and fetid Fields 1045
 With Locust-Armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great Destroyer sprung. Her awful Rage
 The Brutes escape. Man is her destin'd Prey,
 Intemperate Man ! and, o'er his guilty Domes,
 She draws a close incumbent Cloud of Death ; 1050
 Uninterrupted by the living Winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome Breeze ; and stain'd
 With many a Mixture by the Sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry Aspect. Princely Wisdom, then,
 Dejects his watchful Eye ; and from the Hand 1055
 Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
 The Sword and Balance : mute the Voice of Joy,
 And hush'd the Clamour of the busy World.
 Empty the Streets, with uncouth Verdure clad ;
 Into the worst of Defarts sudden turn'd 1060
 The chearful Haunt of Men : unless escap'd

From

* *These are the Causes supposed to be the first Origin of the Plague, in DOCTOR MEAD's elegant Book on that Subject.*

S U M M E R.

97

From the doom'd House, where matchless Horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten Wretch,
With Frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful Policy arraigns, 1065
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen Door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious Hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors Society.

Dependants, Friends, Relations, Love himself,
Savag'd by Woe, forget the tender Tie, 1070
The sweet Engagement of the feeling Heart.
But vain their selfish Care: the circling Sky,
The wide enlivening Air is full of Fate;
And, struck by Turns, in solitary Pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd. 1075
Thus-o'er the prostrate City black Despair
Extends her raven Wing; while, to compleat
The Scene of Desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim Guards stand, denying all Retreat,
And give the flying Wretch a better Death. 1080

M u c h yet remains unsung: the Rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted Skies, of iron Fields,
Where Drought and Famine starve the blasted Year:
Fir'd by the Torch of Noon to tenfold Rage,
Th' infuriate Hill that shoots the pillar'd Flame; 1085
And, rous'd within the subterranean World,
Th' expanding Earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring Cities from their solid Base,

F

And

And buries Mountains in the flaming Gulph.
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse : 1090
 A nearer Scene of Horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, slow-fetdling o'er the lurid Grove
 Unusual Darkneſs broods ; and growing gains
 The full Poſſeſſion of the Sky, ſurcharg'd
 With wrathful Vapour, from the ſecret Beds, 1095
 Where ſleep the mineral Generations, drawn.
 Thence Niter, Sulphur, and the fiery Spume
 Of fat Bitumen, ſteaming on the Day,
 With various-tinctur'd Trains of latent Flame,
 Pollute the Sky, and in yon baleful Cloud, 1100
 A reddening Gloom, a Magazine of Fate,
 Ferment ; till, by the Touch ethereal rous'd,
 The Daſh of Clouds, or irritating War
 Of fighting Winds, while all is calm below,
 They furious ſpring. A boding Silence reigns, 1105
 Dread thro' the dun Expanſe ; ſave the dull Sound
 That from the Mountain, previous to the Storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering Earth, diſturbſ the Flood,
 And ſhakes the Foreſt-Leaf without a Breath.
 Prone, to the loweſt Vale, th' aërial Tribes 1110
 Deſcend : the Tempeſt-loving Raven ſcarce
 Dares wing the dubious Duſk. In rueful Gaze
 The Cattle ſtand, and on the ſcouling Heavens
 Caſt a deploring Eye ; by Man forſook,

Who

S U M M E R.

99

Who to the crouded Cottage hies him fast, 1115
Or seeks the Shelter of the downward Cave.

'Tis listening Fear, and dumb Amazement all:
When to the startled Eye the sudden Glance
Appears far South, eruptive thro the Cloud; 1120
And following slower, in Explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous Voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the Verge of Heaven,
The Tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful Burden on the Wind, 1125
The Lightnings flash a larger Curve, and more
The Noise astounds: till over Head a Sheet
Of livid Flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping Ether in a Blaze. 1130
Follows the loosen'd aggravated Roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, Peal on Peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven and Earth.

Down comes a Deluge of sonorous Hail,
Or prone-descending Rain. Wide-rent, the Clouds, 1135
Pour a whole Flood; and yet, its Flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable Lightning struggles thro,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,
And fires the Mountains with redoubled Rage.
Black from the Stroke, above, the smouldring Pine 1140
Stands a sad shatter'd Trunk; and, stretch'd below,

A lifeless Grouse the blasted Cattle lie :
 Here the soft Flocks, with that same harmless Look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In Fancy's Eye ; and there the frowning Bull, 1145
 And Ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled Cliff,
 The venerable Tower and spiry Fane
 Resign their aged Pride. The gloomy Woods
 Start at the Flash, and from their deep Recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling Inmates shake. 1150
 Amid Carnarvon's Mountains rages loud
 The repercussive Roar : with mighty Crush,
 Into the flashing Deep, from the rude Rocks
 Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the Sky,
 Tumble the smitten Cliffs ; and Snowden's Peak, 1155
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry Load.
 Far-seen, the Heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
 And Thulè bellows thro her utmost Isles.

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply troubled Thought ;
 And yet not always on the guilty Head 1160
 Descends the fated Flash. Young CELADON
 And his AMELIA were a matchless Pair,
 With equal Virtue form'd, and equal Grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their Sex alone :
 Hers the mild Lustre of the blooming Morn, 1165
 And his the Radiance of the risen Day.

THEY

THEY lov'd. But such their guileless Passion was,
 As in the Dawn of Time inform'd the Heart
 Of Innocence, and undissembling Truth.
 'Twas Friendship heighten'd by the mutual Wish, 1170
 Th' enchanting Hope, and sympathetic Glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual Eye. Devoting all
 To Love, each was to each a dearer Self;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd Power
 Of giving Joy. Alone, amid the Shades, 1175
 Still in harmonious Intercourse they liv'd
 The rural Day, and talk'd the flowing Heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their Life, a clear united Stream,
 By Care unruffled; till, in evil Hour, 1180
 The Tempest caught them on the tender Walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its Mazers stray'd,
 While, with each other blest, creative Love
 Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.

Heavy with instant Fate her Bosom heav'd 1185
 Unwonted Sighs, and stealing oft a Look
 Of the big Gloom on CELADON her Eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd Cheek.
 In vain assuring Love, and Confidence
 In HEAVEN repres'd her Fear; it grew, and shook 1190
 Her Frame near Dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal Conflict, and as Angels look

On dying Saints, his Eyes Compassion shed,
 With Love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,
 " Sweet Innocence! thou Stranger to Offence, 1195
 " And inward Storm! He, who yon Skies involves
 " In Frowns of Darkness, ever smiles on thee,
 " With kind Regard. O'er thee the secret Shaft
 " That wastes at Midnight, or th' undreaded Hour
 " Of Noon, flies harmless: and that very Voice, 1200
 " Which thunders Terror thro' the guilty Heart,
 " With Tongues of Seraphs whispers Peace to thine.
 " 'Tis Safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 " To clasp Perfection!" From his void Embrace,
 (Myfterious Heaven!) that moment, to the Ground, 1205
 A blacken'd Corfe, was struck the beauteous Maid.
 But who can paint the Lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe Amazement, hating Life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the Death of Woe!
 So, faint Resemblance, on the Marble-Tomb, 1210
 'The well-diffembled Mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the Face of Heaven the shatter'd Clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable Sky
 Sublimier swells, and o'er the World expands 1215
 A purer Azure. Nature, from the Storm,
 Shines out afresh; and thro' the lighten'd Air
 A higher Luster and a clearer Calm,
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign

Of

S U M M E R.

103

Of Danger past, a glittering Robe of Joy, 1220
Set off abundant by the yellow Ray,
Invests the Fields, yet dropping from Distress.

'Tis Beauty all, and grateful Song around,
Join'd to the Low of Kine, and numerous Bleat
Of Flocks thick-nibbling thro the clover'd Vale. 1225
And shall the Hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
Most-favour'd; who with Voice articulate
Should lead the Chorus of this lower World?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
That hush'd the Thunder, and serenest the Sky, 1230
Extinguish'd feel that Spark the Tempest wak'd,
That Sense of Powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble Heart has lost its Fears?

CHEAR'D by the milder Beam, the sprightly Youth
Speeds to the well-known Pool, whose crystal Depth 1235
A sandy Bottom shews. A while he stands
Gazing th' inverted Landskip, half afraid
To meditate the blue Profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling Flood.
His ebony Tresses, and his rosy Cheek - 1240
Instant emerge; and thro th' obedient Wave,
At each short breathing by his Lip repell'd,
With Arms and Legs according well, he makes,
As Humour leads, an easy-winding Path;

While, from his polish'd Sides, a dewy Light 1245
Effuses on the pleas'd Spectators round.

T H I S is the purest Exercise of Health,
The kind Refresher of the Summer-Heats ;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening Flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the Brink. 1250
Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold Swimmer, in the swift Illapse
Of Accident disastrous. Hence the Limbs
Knit into Force ; and the same *Roman* Arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd Earth, 1255
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the Wave.
Even, from the Body's Purity, the Mind
Receives a secret sympathetic Aid.

C L O S E in the Covert of an Hazel Copse,
Where winded into pleasing Solitudes 1260
Runs out the rambling Dale, young DAMON sat,
Pensive, and pierc'd with Love's delightful Pangs.
There to the Stream that down the distant Rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive Breeze that play'd
Among the bending Willows, falsely he 1265
Of MUSIDORA's Cruelty complain'd.
She felt his Flame ; but deep within her Breast,
In bashful Coyness, or in maiden Pride,
The soft Return conceal'd ; save when it stole
In side-long Glances from her downcast Eye, 1270
Or

Or from her swelling Soul in stifled Sighs.
 Touch'd by the Scene, no Stranger to his Vows,
 He fram'd a melting Lay, to try her Heart;
 And, if an infant Passion struggled there,
 To call that Passion forth. Thrice happy Swain! 1275
 A lucky Chance, that oft decides the Fate
 Of mighty Monarchs, then decided thine.
 For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
 This cool Retreat his MUSIDORA fought:
 Warm in her Cheek the sultry Season glow'd; 1280
 And, robe'd in loose Array, she came to bathe
 Her, fervent Limbs in the refreshing Stream.
 What shall he do? In sweet Confusion lost,
 And dubious Flutterings, he a while remain'd.
 A pure ingenuous Elegance of Soul, 1285
 A delicate Refinement, known to Few,
 Perplex'd his Breast, and urg'd him to retire.
 But Love forbade. Ye Prudes in Virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
 Meantime, this fairer Nymph than ever blest 1290
Arcadian Stream, with timid Eye around
 The Banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous Limbs,
 To taste the lucid Coolness of the Flood.,
 Ah then! not *Paris* on the piny Top
 Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside 1295
 The Rival-Goddesses the Veil divine
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their Charms,
 Than, DAMON, thou; as from the snowy Leg,

And slender Foot, th' inverted Silk she drew ;
 As the soft Touch dissolv'd the virgin Zone ; 1300
 And, thro the parting Robe, th' alternate Breast,
 With Youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless Gaze
 In full Luxuriance rose. But, desperate Youth,
 How durst thou risque the Soul-distracting View ;
 As from her naked Limbs, of glowing White, 1305
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest Hand,
 In Folds loose-flabating fell the fainter Lawn ;
 And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With Fancy blushing, at the doubtful Breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful Fawn ? 1310
 Then to the Flood she rush'd ; the parted Flood
 Its lovely Guest with closing Waves receiv'd ;
 And every Beauty softening, every Grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow Luster shed :
 As shines the Lily thro the Crystal mild ; 1315
 Or as the Rose amid the Morning Dew,
 Fresh from *Aurora's* Hand, more sweetly glows..
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the Wave
 But ill-conceal'd ; and now with streaming Locks,
 That half embrac'd Her in a humid Veil, 1320
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew
 Such madning Draughts of Beauty to the Soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd Thought
 With Luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,
 By Love's respectful Modesty, he deem'd 1325
 'The Theft profane, if aught profane to Love

Can

Can e'er be deem'd, and, struggling from the Shade,
 With headlong Hurry fled : but first these Lines,
 Trac'd by his ready Pencil, on the Bank,
 With trembling Hand he threw. " Bathe on, my Fair,
 " Yet unbeheld save by the sacred Eye 1331
 " Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy Haunt,
 " To keep from thy Recess each vagrant Foot,
 " And each licentious Eye." With wild Surprise,
 As if to Marble struck, devoid of Sense, 1335
 A stupid Moment motionless she stood :
 So stands the * Statue that enchants the World,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless Boast,
 The mingled Beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those Robes 1340
 Which blissful Eden knew not ; and, array'd
 In careless Haste, th' alarming Paper snatch'd.
 But, when her DAMON's well-known Hand she saw,
 Her Terrors vanish'd, and a softer Train
 Of mixt Emotions, hard to be describ'd, 1345
 Her sudden Bosom seiz'd : Shame void of Guilt,
 The charming Blush of Innocence, Esteem
 And Admiration of her Lover's Flame,
 By Modesty exalted. Even a Sense
 Of self-approving Beauty stole across 1350
 Her busy Thought. At length, a tender Calm
 Hush'd by degrees the Tumult of her Soul ;
 And on the spreading Beech, that o'er the Stream

F 6

Incumbent

* *The Venus of Medici.*

Incumbent hung, she with the silvan Pen
 Of rural Lovers this Confession carv'd, 1355
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping Joy.
 " Dear Youth ! sole Judge of what these Verses mean,
 " By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
 " Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now
 " Discreet : the Time may come you need not fly." 1360

T H E Sun has lost his Rage : his downward Orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating Warmth,
 And vital Lustre ; that, with various Ray,
 Lights up the Clouds, those beauteous Robes of Heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic Shapes, 1365
 The Dream of waking Fancy ! Broad below,
 Cover'd with ripening Fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect Year, the pregnant Earth
 And all her Tribes rejoice. Now the soft Hour
 Of Walking comes : for him who lonely loves 1370
 To seek the distant Hills, and there converse
 With Nature ; there to harmonize his Heart,
 And in pathetic Song to breathe around
 The Harmony to others. Social Friends,
 Attun'd to happy Unison of Soul ; 1375
 To whose exalting Eye a fairer World,
 Of which the Vulgar never had a Glimpse,
 Displays its Charms ; whose Mind are richly fraught
 With Philosophic Stores, superior Light ;
 And in whose Breast, enthusiastic, burns 1380
 Virtue,

Virtue, the Sons of Interest deem Romance ;
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling Day :
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of Woods,
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk ;
 By that kind *School* where no proud Master reigns, 1385
 The full free Converse of the friendly Heart,
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the World,
 Sacred to sweet Retirement, Lovers steal,
 And pour their Souls in Transport, which the SIRE
 Of Love approving hears, and *calls it good*. 1390
 Which Way, AMANDA, shall we bend our Course ?
 The Choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse ?
 All is the same with Thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the Streams ? or walk the smiling Mead ?
 Or court the Forest-Glades ? or wander wild 1395
 Among the waving Harvests ? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all its Pride,
 Thy Hill, delightful * *Shene* ? Here let us sweep
 The boundless Landskip : now the raptur'd Eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send, 1400
 Now to the † *Sister-Hills* that skirt her Plain,
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his Princely Brow.
 In lovely Contrast to this glorious View,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn 1405

To

* *The old Name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon*
Shining, or Splendor.

† *Highgate and Hamstead.*

To where the silver THAMES first rural grows.
 There let the feasted Eye unwearied stray :
 Luxurious, there, rove thro the pendant Woods
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's Retreat ;
 And, stooping thence to *Ham's* embowering Walks, 1410
 Beneath whose Shades, in spotless Peace retir'd,
 With HER the pleasing Partner of his Heart,
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,
 And polish'd CORNBURY wooes the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE OF THAMES; 1415
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In *Twit'nam's* Bowers, and for their POPE implore
 The healing God ; to royal *Hampton's* Pile,
 To *Clermont's* terrass'd Height, and *Essex's* Groves,
 Where in the sweetest Solitude, embrac'd 1420
 By the soft Windings of the silent *Mole*,
 From Courts and Senates PELHAM finds Repose.
 Enchanting Vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung !
 O Vale of Bliss ! O softly-swelling Hills !
 On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
 And joys to see the Wonders of his Toil. 1425

HEAVENS ! what a goodly Prospect spreads around,
 Of Hills, and Dales, and Woods, and Lawns, and Spires,
 And glittering Towns, and gilded Streams, till all
 The stretching Landskip into Smoke decays !

Happy BRITANNIA ! where the QUEEN OF ARTS, 1430
 Inspiring

S U M M E R.

III

Inspiring Vigor, LIBERTY abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest Cotts,
And scatters Plenty with unparing Hand.

RICH is thy Soil, and merciful thy Clime ;
Thy Streams unfailing in the Summer's Drought ; 1435
Unmatch'd thy Guardian-Oaks ; thy Valleys float
With golden Waves : and on thy Mountains Flocks
Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their Sides,
Bellow the blackening Herds in lusty Drovers.
Beneath, thy Meadows glow, and rise unquell'd 1440
Against the Mower's Scythe. On every hand,
Thy Villas shine. Thy Country teems with Wealth ;
And Property assures it to the Swain,
Pleas'd, and unweary'd, in his guarded Toil.

FULL are thy Cities with the Sons of Art ; 1445
And Trade and Joy, in every busy Street,
Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,
As at the Car he sweats, or dusty hews
The Palace-Stone, looks gay. Thy crouded Ports,
Where rising Masts an endless Prospect yield, 1450
With labour burn, and echo to the Shouts
Of hurry'd Sailor, as he hearty waves
His last Adieu, and loosening every Sheet,
Re signs the spreading Vessel to the Wind.

BOLD,

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous Youth,
 By Hardship finew'd, and by Danger fir'd, 1456
 Scattering the Nations where they go ; and first
 Or in the list'd Plain, or stormy Seas.
 Mild are thy Glories too, as o'er the Plans
 Of thriving Peace thy thoughtful Sires preside ; 1460
 In Genius, and substantial Learning, high ;
 For every Virtue, every Worth, renown'd ;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering Thunder when provok'd,
 The Dread of Tyrants, and the sole Resource 1465
 Of those that under grim Oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many ! ALFRED thine,
 In whom the Splendor of heroic War,
 And more heroic Peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine ; whose hallow'd Name the Virtues saint, 1470
 And *his own* Muses love, the best of *Kings*.
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
 Names dear to Fame ; the First who deep impress'd
 On haughty *Gaul* the Terror of thy Arms,
 That awes her Genius still. In *Statesmen* Thou, 1475
 And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
 Who, with a generous tho mistaken Zeal,
 Withstood a brutal Tyrant's useful Rage,
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just,
 Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor, 1480

A dauntless Soul erect, who smil'd on Death.
 Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
 A DRAKE, who made thee Mistress of the Deep,
 And bore thy Name in Thunder round the World.
 Then flam'd thy Spirit high : but who can speak 1485
 The numerous Worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN ?
 In RALEIGH mark their every Glory mix'd,
 RALEIGH, the Scourge of *Spain* ! whose Breast with all
 The Sage, the Patriot, and the Hero burn'd.
 Nor sunk his Vigour, when a Coward-Reign 1490
 The Warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the Vengeance of a vanquish'd Foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his Mind
 Explor'd the vast Extent of Ages past,
 And with his Prison-Hours enrich'd the World ; 1495
 Yet found no Times, in all the long Research,
 So glorious, or so base, as Those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
 The Plume of War ! with early Laurels crown'd, 1500
 The Lover's Myrtle, and the Poet's Bay.
 A HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious Land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting Soul,
 Who stem'd the Torrent of a downward Age
 To Slavery prone, and bade thee rise again, 1505
 In all thy native Pomp of Freedom bold.
 Bright, at his Call, thy Age of *Men* effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late Time a kindling Eye

Shall

Shall turn, and Tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest Flower, and let me strew 1510
 The Grave where RUSSEL lies; whose temper'd Blood
 With calmest Chearfulness for Thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad Annals of a giddy Reign;
 Aiming at lawless Power, tho meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious Luxury. With him 1515
 His Friend, the * BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled;
 Of high determin'd Spirit, roughly brave,
 By antient Learning to th' enlighten'd Love
 Of antient Freedom warm'd. Fair thy Renown
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*; 1520
 Soon as the Light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient Ray, and wak'd the Muses' Song.
 Thine is a BACON, hapless in his Choice;
 Unfit to stand the civil Storm of State;
 And thro the smooth Barbarity of Courts,
 With firm but pliant Virtue, forward still
 To urge his Course. Him for the studious Shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear, 1525
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich Soul,
 PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
 The great Deliverer he! who from the Gloom
 Of cloister'd Monks, and Jargon-teaching Schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long 1530
 Held in the magic Chain of Words and Forms,
 And Definitions void: he led Her forth,
 Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow-ascending still,
 * ALGERNON SIDNEY. In.

S U M M E R.

115

Investigating sure the Chain of Things,
 With radiant Finger points to HEAVEN again. 1535
 The generous * ASHLEY thine, the Friend of Man;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a Brother's Eye,
 His Weakness prompt to shade, to raise his Aim,
 To touch the finer Movements of the Mind,
 And with the *moral Beauty* charm the Heart. 1540
 Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious Search
 Amid the dark Recesses of his Works,
 The great CREATOR fought? And why thy LOCKE,
 Who made the whole internal World his own?
 Let NEWTON, *pure Intelligence*, whom GOD 1545
 To Mortals lent, to trace his boundless Works
 From Laws sublimely simple, speak thy Fame
 In all Philosophy. For lofty Sense,
 Creative Fancy, and Inspection keen
 Thro the deep Windings of the human Heart, 1550
 Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's Boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of Classic Ages in thy MILTON met?
 A Genius universal as his Theme,
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the Bloom 1555
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my Verse that elder Bard forget,
 The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleasing Son;
 Who, like a copious River, pour'd his Song
 O'er all the Mazes of enchanted Ground: 1560

Nor

* ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, *Earl of Shaftesbury*.

Nor Thee, his antient Master, laughing Sage,
 CHAUCER, whose native Manners-painting Verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro the Gothic Cloud
 Of Time and Language o'er thy Genius thrown.

MAY my Song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I, 1565
 BRITANNIA, hail! for Beauty is their own,
 The feeling Heart, Simplicity of Life,
 And Elegance, and Taste: the faultless Form,
 Shap'd by the Hand of Harmony; the Cheek,
 Where the live Crimson, thro the native White 1570
 Soft-shooting, o'er the Face diffuses Bloom,
 And every nameless Grace; the parted Lip,
 Like the red Rose-bud moist with Morning-Dew,
 Breathing Delight; and, under flowing Jet,
 Or sunny Ringlets, or of circling Brown, 1557
 The Neck slight-shaded, and the swelling Breast;
 The Look resistless, piercing to the Soul,
 And by the Soul inform'd, when drest in Love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious Eye.

ISLAND of Bliss! amid the subject Seas, 1580
 That thunder round thy rocky Coasts, set up,
 At once the Wonder, Terror, and Delight,
 Of distant Nations; whose remotest Shore
 Can soon be shaken by thy Naval Arm,
 Not to be shook thy self, but all Assaults 1585
 Baffling, like thy hoar Cliffs the loud Sea-Wave.

S U M M E R.

117

O THOU ! by whose almighty *Nod* the Scale
Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the Land,
In bright patrol : white *Peace*, and social *Love* ; 1590
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
On gentle Deeds, and shedding Tears thro Smiles ;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of Mind ;
Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound *Temperance*,
Healthful in Heart and Look ; clear *Chastity* 1595
With Blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep Regard she draws ;
Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untir'd,
With copious Life inform'd, and all awake :
While in the radiant Front, superior shines 1600
That first paternal Virtue, *public Zeal*,
Who throws o'er all an equal wide Survey,
And, ever musing on the common Weal,
Still labours glorious with some great Design.

L o w walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees, 1605
Just o'er the Verge of Day. The shifting Clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous Train,
In all their Pomp attend his setting Throne.
Air, Earth and Ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary Chariot fought the Bowers 1610
Of *Amphitritè*, and her tending Nymphs,
(So *Grecian Fable* sung) he dips his Orb ;
Now half-immers'd ; and now a golden Curve
Gives one bright Glance, then total disappears.

FOR

F O R ever running an enchanted Round, 1615
 Passes the Day, deceitful, vain, and void ;
 As fleets the Vision o'er the formful Brain,
 This Moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd Soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The Dreamer of this Earth, an idle Blank : 1620
 A Sight of Horror to the cruel Wretch,
 Who all day long in fordid Pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless Load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel Train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping Family of modest Worth. 1625
 But to the generous still-improving Mind,
 That gives the hopeless Heart to sing for Joy,
 Diffusing kind Beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent Dew ;
 To him the long Review of order'd Life 1630
 Is inward Rapture, only to be felt.

C O N F E S S ' D from yonder slow-extinguish'd Clouds,
 All Ether softening, sober *Evening* takes
 Her wonted Station in the middle Air ;
 A thousand *Shadows* at her Beck. First *This* 1635
 She sends on Earth ; then *That* of deeper Dye
 Steals soft behind ; and then a *Deeper* still,
 In Circle following Circle, gathers round,
 To close the Face of Things. A fresher Gale
 Begins to wave the Wood, and stir the Stream, 1640
 Sweeping

S U M M E R.

119

Sweeping with shadowy Gust the Fields of Corn;
While the Quail clamours for his running Mate.
Wide o'er the thistly Lawn, as swells the Breeze,
A whitening Shower of vegetable Down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial Care 1645
Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed
Her lowest Sons, and clothe the coming Year,
From Field to Field the feather'd Seeds she wings.

HIS folded Flock secure, the Shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves 1650
The ruddy Milk-Maid of her brimming Pail;
The Beauty whom perhaps his witless Heart,
Unknowing what the Joy-mixt Anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best Language shewn
Of cordial Glances, and obliging Deeds. 1655
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting Height,
And Valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
At Fall of Eve the Fairy People throng,
In various Game, and Revelry to pass
The Summer-Night, as Village-Stories tell. 1660
But far about they wander from the Grave
Of him, whom his ungentle Fortune urg'd
Against his own sad Breast to lift the Hand
Of impious Violence. The lonely Tower
Is also shun'd ; whose mournful Chambers hold, 1665
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling Ghost.

AMONG

A M O N G the crooked Lanes, *on* every Hedge,
 The Glow-Worm lights his Gem ; and, thro the Dark,
 A moving Radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields
 The World to *Night* ; not in her Winter-Robe 1670
 Of massy Stygian Woof, but loose array'd
 In Mantle dun. A faint erroneous Ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect Surfaces of Things,
 Flings half an Image on the straining Eye ;
 While wavering Woods, and Villages, and Streams ; 1675
 And Rocks, and Mountain-tops, that long retain'd
 Th' ascending Gleam, are all one swimming Scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to Heaven
 Thence weary Vision turns ; where, leading soft
 The silent Hours of Love, with purest Ray 1680
 Sweet *Venus* shines ; and from her genial Rise,
 When Day-Light sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest Lamp of Night.
 As thus th' Effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherish'd Gaze, the lambent Lightnings shoot 1685
 Across the Sky ; or horizontal dart,
 In wondrous Shapes : by fearful murmuring Crouds
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant Orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the Sky,
 The Life-infusing Suns of other Worlds ; 1690
 Lo ! from the dread Immenity of Space
 Returning, with accelerated Course,
 The rushing Comet to the Sun descends ;

And

S U M M E R.

121

And as he sinks below the shading Earth,
 With awful Train projected o'er the Heavens, 1695
 The guilty Nations tremble. But above
 Those superstitious Horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious Herd, to mystic Faith
 And blind Amazement prone, th' enlighten'd Few,
 Whose Godlike Minds Philosophy exalts, 1700
 The glorious Stranger hail. They feel a Joy
 Divinely great ; they in their Powers exult,
 That wondrous Force of Thought, which mounting spurns
 This dusky Spor, and measures all the Sky ;
 While, from his far Excursion thro the Wilds 1705
 Of barren Ether, faithful to his Time,
 They see the blazing Wonder rise anew,
 In seeming Terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the Will of all-sustaining LOVE :
 From his huge vapoury Train perhaps to shake 1710
 Reviving Moisture on the numerous Orbs,
 Thro which his long Ellipsis winds ; perhaps
 To lend new Fuel to declining Suns,
 To light up Worlds, and feed th' eternal Fire.

WITH Thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with Thee, 1711
 And thy bright Garland, let me crown my Song !
 Effusive Source of Evidence, and Truth !
 A Luster shedding o'er th' ennobled Mind,
 Stronger than Summer-Noon ; and pure as Thiat, 1720
 Whose mild Vibrations sooth the parted Soul,

G

New

New to the Dawning of celestial Day.
 Hence thro her nourish'd Powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated Pride,
 Above the tangling Mafs of low Desires, 1725
 That bind the fluttering Croud ; and, Angel-wing'd,
 The Heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry Regions, or th' Abyfs,
 To Reason's and to Fancy's Eye display'd : 1730
 The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary Void,
 The Chain of Causes and Effects to H I M,
 The World-producing E S S E N C E, who alone
 Possesses Being ; while the *Last* receives
 The whole Magnificence of Heaven and Earth, 1735
 And every Beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier Sense,
 Diffusive painted on the rapid Mind.

T U T O R ' D by thee, hence P O E T R Y exalts
 Her Voice to Ages ; and informs the Page 1740
 With Music, Image, Sentiment, and Thought,
 Never to die ! the Treasure of Mankind !
 Their highest Honour, and their truest Joy !

W I T H O U T thee what were unenlighten'd Man ?
 A Savage roaming thro the Woods and Wilds, 1745
 In quest of Prey ; and with th' unfashion'd Furr
 Rough-clad ; devoid of every finer Art,

And

S U M M E R.

123

And Elegance of Life. Nor Happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of Tendernefs and Care,
 Nor moral Excellence, nor social Blifs, 1750
 Nor guardian Law were his ; nor various Skill
 To turn the Furrow, or to guide the Tool
 Mechanic ; nor the Heaven-conducted Prow
 Of Navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning Line or dares the wintry Pole, 1755
 Mother severe of infinite Delights !
 Nothing, save Rapine, Indolence, and Guile,
 And Woes on Woes, a still-revolving Train !
 Whose horrid Circle had made human Life
 Than Non-existence worfe : but, taught by Thee, 1760
 Ours are the Plans of Policy, and Peace ;
 To live like Brothers, and conjunctive all
 Embelish Life. While thus laborious Crouds
 Ply the tough Oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
 The ruling Helm ; or like the liberal Breath 1765
 Of potent Heaven, invifible, the Sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior World along.

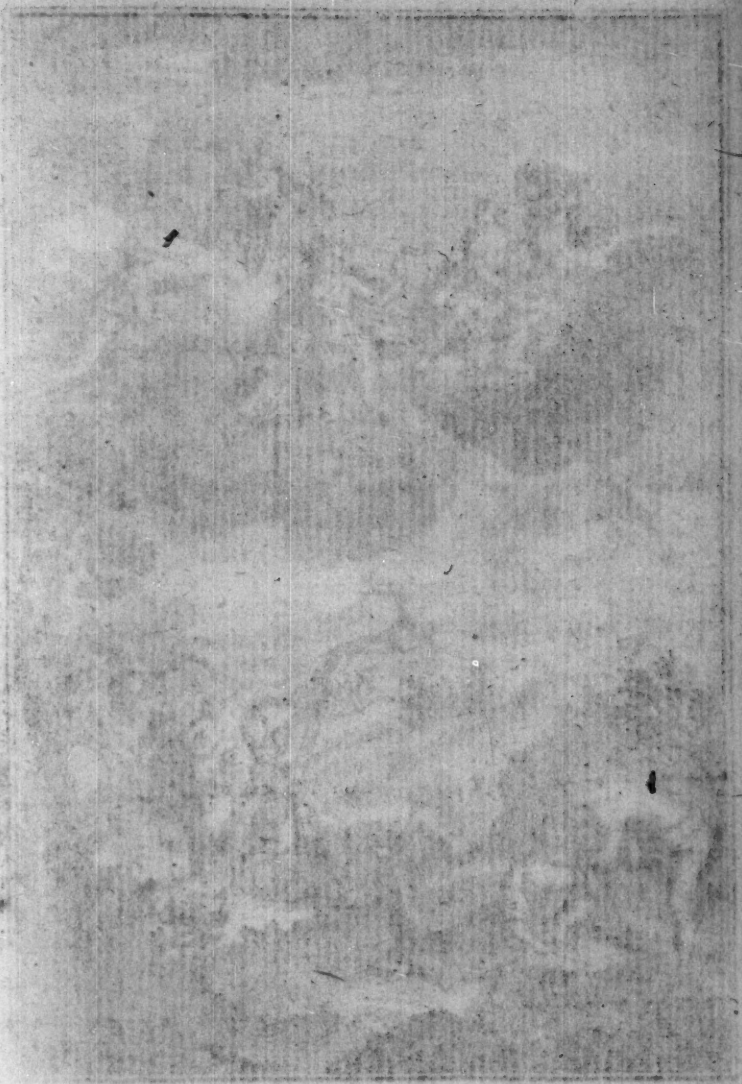
NOR to this evanefcent Speck of Earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant Tracts on high
 Are her exalted Range ; intent to gaze 1770
 Creation thro ; and, from that full Complex
 Of never-ending Wonders, to conceive
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*,
 And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward View,

Thence on, th' ideal Kingdom swift she turns 1775
 Her Eye; and instant, at her powerful Glance,
 Th' obedient Phantoms vanish or appear;
 Compound, divide, and into Order shift,
 Each to his Rank, from plain Perception up,
 To the fair Forms of Fancy's fleeting Train; 1780
 To Reason then, deducing Truth from Truth;
 And Notion quite abstract; where first begins
 The World of Spirits, Action all, and Life
 Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the Cloud,
 So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep. 1785
 Enough for us to know that this dark State,
 In wayward Passions lost, and vain Pursuits,
 This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
 The final Issue of the Works of God,
 By boundless Love and perfect WISDOM form'd, 1790
 And ever rising with the rising Mind.



A U T U M N.

6



ALMA MATER



11. Kent inv: et del.

P. Foudrinier Sculpt.

AUTUMN.

A U T U M N.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject propos'd. Address'd to Mr. ONSLOW. A Prospect of the Fields ready for Harvest. Reflexions in praise of Industry rais'd by that View. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A Harvest Storm. Shooting and Hunting, their Barbarity. A ludicrous Account of Fox-hunting. A View of an Orchard. Wall-Fruit. A Vineyard. A Description of Fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: when e a Digression, enquiring into the Rise of Fountains and Rivers. Brds of Season considered, that now shift their Habitation. The prodigious Number of them that cover the northern and western Isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a View of the Country. A Prospect of the discoloured, fading Woods. After a gentle dusky Day, Moon-light. Autumnal Meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, Sun-shiny Day, such as usually shuts up the Season. The Harvest being gathered in, the Country dissolv'd in Joy. The whole concludes with a Panegyric on a Philosophical Country Life.

A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the Sickle, and the wheaten Sheaf,
 While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow Plain,
 Comes jovial on ; the *Doric* Reed once more,
 Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry Frost
 Nitrous prepar'd ; the various-blossom'd Spring 5
 Put in white Promise forth ; and Summer-Suns
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to View,
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious Theme.

ON SLOW ! the Muse, ambitious of thy Name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her Song, 10
 Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle Ear
 A while engage. Thy noble Cares she knows,
 The Patriot-Virtues that distend thy Thought,
 Spread on thy Front, and in thy Bosom glow ;
 While listening Senates hang upon thy Tongue, 15
 Devolving thro the Maze of Eloquence
 A Rowl of Periods, sweeter than her Song.
 But she too pants for public Virtue, she,
 Tho weak of Power yet strong in ardent Will,

Whene'er her Country rushes on her Heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder Note, and fondly tries
 To mix the Patriot's with the Poet's Flame.

WHEN the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous Days,
 And *Libra* weighs in equal Scales the Year ;
 From Heaven's high Cope the fierce Effulgence shook 25
 Of parting Summer, a serener Blue,
 With golden Light enliven'd wide invests
 The happy World. Attempter'd Suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro lucid Clouds
 A pleasing Calm ; while broad, and brown, below 30
 Extensive Harvests hang the heavy Head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a Gale
 Rolls its light Billows o'er the bending Plain ;
 A Calm of Plenty ! till the ruffled Air
 Falls from its Poise, and gives the Breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy Mantle of the Sky ;
 The Clouds fly different ; and the sudden Sun
 By Fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd Field,
 And black by Fits the Shadows sweep along.
 A gayly-checker'd Heart-expanding View, 40
 Far as the circling Eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a Flood of Corn.

THESE are thy Blessings, INDUSTRY ! rough Power !
 Whom Labour still attends, and Sweat, and Pain ;
 Yet the kind Source of every gentle Art, 45
 And

AUTUMN.

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And all the soft Civility of Life :
 Raifer of Human Kind ! by Nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the Woods,
 And Wilds, to rude inclement Elements ;
 With various Seeds of Art deep in the Mind
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite ; but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious Breast,
 Slept the lethargic Powers ; Corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal Hand
 Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage Year :
 And still the sad Barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With Beasts of Prey ; or for his Acorn-Meal
 Fought the fierce tusky Boar ; a shivering Wretch !
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak North,
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd Tempest fly,
 Hail, Rain, and Snow, and bitter-breathing Frost :
 Then to the Shelter of the Hut he fled ;
 And the wild Season, sordid, pin'd away.
 For Home he had not ; Home is the Resort
 Of Love, of Joy, of Peace and Plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd Friends,
 And dear Relations mingle into Bliss.
 But this the rugged Savage never felt,
 Even desolate in Crouds ; and thus his Days
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :
 A Waste of Time ! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable Sloth :

His Faculties unfolded ; pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing Hand 75
 Of Art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble Force by the mechanic Powers,
 To dig the Mineral from the vaulted Earth,
 On what to turn the piercing Rage of Fire,
 On what the Torrent, and the gather'd Blast ; 80
 Gave the tall antient Forest to his Ax ;
 Taught him to chip the Wood, and hew the Stone,
 Till by Degrees the finish'd Fabric rose ;
 Tore from his Limbs the Blood-polluted Fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly Vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy Silk, and flowing Lawn ;
 With wholesome Viands fill'd his Table, pour'd
 The generous Glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The Life-refining Soul of decent Wit :
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare Necessity ; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,
 To Pomp, to Pleasure, Elegance, and Grace ;
 And, breathing high Ambition thro his Soul,
 Set Science, Wisdom, Glory, in his View,
 And bad him be the *Lord* of all below. 95

T H E N gathering Men their natural Powers combin'd,
 And form'd a *Public* ; to the general Good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For This the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
 The face, and fairly represented *Whole* ;

100
 For

AUTUMN.

133

For this they plann'd the holy Guardian-Laws,
Distinguish'd Orders, animated Arts,
And with joint Force *Oppression* chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the Helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd 105
That toiling Millions must resign their Weal,
And all the Honey of their Search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every Form of cultivated Life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
Into Perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of Art! the City rear'd
In beauteous Pride her Tower-encircled Head;
And, stretching Street on Street, by Thousands drew, 115
From twining woody Haunts, or the tough Yew
To Bows strong-straining, her aspiring Sons.

THEN Commerce brought into the public Walk
The busy Merchant; the big Ware-house built;
Rais'd the strong Crane; choak'd up the loaded Street
With foreign Plenty, and thy Stream, O THAMES,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, King of Floods! 125
Chose for his grand Resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry Forest, Groves of Masts
Shot up their Spires; the bellying Sheet between
Possess'd the breezy Void; the sooty Hulk 130
Steer'd

Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid Barge along
 Row'd, regular, to Harmony ; around,
 The Boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary Wings ;
 While deep the various Voice of fervent Toil
 From Bank to Bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with Oak,
 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold, 136
 The roaring Vessel rush'd into the Main.

T H E N too the pillar'd Dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample Roof ; and Luxury within
 Pour'd out her glittering Stores : the Canvas smooth, 140
 With glowing Life protuberant, to the View
 Embodied rose ; the Statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into Flesh, beneath the Touch
 Of forming Art, Imagination flush'd.

A L L is the Gift of INDUSTRY ; whate'er 145
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders Life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter chear'd by him
 Sits at the social Fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded Tempest idly rave along ;
 His harden'd Fingers deck the gaudy Spring ; 150
 Without him Summer were an arid Waste ;
 Nor to th' autumnal Months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable Stores,
 That, waving round, recal my wandering Song.

Soon

SOON as the Morning trembles o'er the Sky, 155
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading Day ;
 Before the ripen'd Field the Reapers stand,
 In fair Array ; each by the Lads he loves,
 To bear the rougher Part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle Offices her Toil. 160
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty Sheaves ;
 While thro' their chearful Band the rural Talk,
 The rural Scandal and the rural Jest
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious Time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry Hours away. 165
 Behind the Master walks, builds up the Shocks ;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every Side
 His fated Eye, feels his Heart heave with Joy.
 The Gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after Spike, their sparing Harvest pick. 170
 Be not too narrow, Husbandmen ! but fling
 From the full Sheaf, with charitable Stealth,
 The liberal Handful. Think, oh grateful think !
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you ;
 Who pours Abundance o'er your flowing Fields ; 175
 While these unhappy Partners of your Kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the Fowls of Heaven,
 And ask their humble Dole. The various Turns
 Of Fortune ponder ; that your Sons may want
 What now, with hard Reluctance, faint, ye give. 180

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had Friends ;
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her Birth.
 For in her helpless Years depriv'd of all,
 Of every Stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN,
 She with her widow'd Mother, feeble, old, 185
 And poor, liv'd in a Cottage, far retir'd
 Among the Windings of a woody Vale ;
 By Solitude and deep surrounding Shades,
 But more by bashful Modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel Scorn 190
 Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet
 From giddy Fashion and low-minded Pride :
 Almost on Nature's common Bounty fed,
 Like the gay Birds that sung them to Repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's Fare. 195
 Her Form was fresher than the Morning-Rose,
 When the Dew wets its Leaves ; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the Lily, or the Mountain Snow.
 The modest Virtues mingled in her Eyes,
 Still on the Ground dejected, darting all 200
 Their humid Beams into the blooming Flowers :
 Or when the mournful Tale her Mother told,
 Of what her faithless Fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her Thought, they, like the dewy Star
 Of Evening, shone in Tears. A native Grace 205
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd Limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple Robe, their best Attire,
 Beyond

AUTUMN.

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Beyond the Pomp of Dress ; for Loveliness
 Needs not the foreign Aid of Ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most. 210
 Thoughtless of Beauty, she was Beauty's Self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering Woods.
 As in the hollow Breast of *Appenine*,
 Beneath the Shelter of encircling Hills,
 A Myrtle rises, far from human Eye, 215
 And breathes its balmy Fragrance o'er the Wild ;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA ; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme Command,
 With smiling Patience in her Looks, she went 220
 To glean PALEMON's Fields. The Pride of Swains
 PALEMON was, the Generous, and the Rich,
 Who led the rural Life in all its Joy,
 And Elegance, such as *Arcadian* Song
 Transmits from antient uncorrupted Times ; 225
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the Mode.
 He then, his Fancy with autumnal Scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his Reaper-Train
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his Eye ; 230
 Unconscious of her Power, and turning quick
 With unaffected Blushes from his Gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The Charms her down-cast Modesty conceal'd.
 That very Moment Love and chaste Desire 235
 Sprung

Sprung in his Bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the World prevail'd, and its dread Laugh,
 Which scarce the firm Philosopher can scorn,
 Should his Heart own a Gleaner in the Field :
 And thus in secret to his Soul he sigh'd.

“ WHAT pity ! that so delicate a Form,
 “ By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense,
 “ And more than vulgar Goodness seem to dwell,
 “ Should be devoted to the rude Embrace
 “ Of some indecent Clown ? She looks, methinks, 245
 “ Of old ACASTO's Line ; and to my Mind
 “ Recalls that Patron of my happy Life,
 “ From whom my liberal Fortune took its Rise ;
 “ Now to the Dust gone down ; his Houses, Lands,
 “ And once fair-spreading Family dissolv'd. 250
 “ 'Tis said that in some lone obscure Retreat,
 “ Urg'd by Remembrance sad, and decent Pride,
 “ Far from those Scenes which knew their better Days,
 “ His aged Widow and his Daughter live,
 “ Whom yet my fruitless Search could never find. 255
 “ Romantic Wish, would this the Daughter were !”

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the Daughter of his Friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO ; who can speak
 The mingled Passions that surpriz'd his Heart, 260
 And thro his Nerves in shivering Transport ran ?

Then

AUTUMN.

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Then blaz'd his smother'd-Flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd Her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden Tears, 265
 Her rising Beauties flush'd a higher Bloom,
 As thus PALEMÓN, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious Rapture of his Soul.

" AND art thou then ACASSTO's dear Remains?
 " She, whom my restless Gratitude has sought, 270
 " So long in vain? Oh yes! the very same,
 " The soften'd Image of my noble Friend,
 " Alive, his every Feature, every Look,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
 " Thou sole surviving Blossom from the Root, 275
 " That nourish'd up my Fortune, say, ah where,
 " In what sequester'd Defart, hast thou drawn
 " The kindest Aspect of delighted Heaven?
 " Into such Beauty spread, and blown so fair;
 " Tho Poverty's cold Wind, and crushing Rain, 280
 " Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender Years?
 " O let me now, into a richer Soil,
 " Transplant thee safe! where vernal Suns, and Showers,
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest Influence;
 " And of my Garden be the Pride, and Joy! 285
 " It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " ACASSTO's Daughter, his whose open Stores,
 " Tho vast, were little to his ampler Heart,
 " The

" The Father of a Country, thus to pick
 " The very Refuse of those Harvest-Fields, 290
 " Which from his bounteous Friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful Pittance from thy Hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged Task ;
 " The Fields, the Master, all, my Fair, are thine ;
 " If to the various Blessings which thy House 295
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that Bliss,
 " That dearest Bliss, the Power of blessing Thee !"

HERE ceas'd the Youth : yet still his speaking Eye
 Express'd the sacred Triumph of his Soul,
 With conscious Virtue, Gratitude, and Love, 300
 Above the vulgar Joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he Reply. Won by the Charm
 Of Goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet Disorder lost, she blush'd Consent.
 The News immediate to her Mother brought, 305
 While, pierc'd with anxious Thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely Moments for LAVINIA's Fate ;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd Veins, and one bright Gleam
 Of setting Life shone on her Evening-Hours : 310
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy Pair ;
 Who flourish'd long in tender Bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous Offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the Grace of all the Country round.

A U T U M N.

141

DEFEATING oft the Labours of the Year, 315
 The sultry South collects a potent Blast.
 At first, the Groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling Tops; and a still Murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining Fields of Corn:
 But as th' ærial Tempest fuller swells, 320
 And in one mighty Stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited Atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding World;
 Strain'd to the Root, the stooping Forest pours
 A rustling Shower of yet untimely Leaves. 325
 High-beat, the circling Mountains eddy in,
 From the bare Wild, the dissipated Storm,
 And send it in a Torrent down the Vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost Rage,
 Thro' all the Sea of Harvest rolling round, 330
 The billowy Plain floats wide; nor can evade,
 Tho' pliant to the Blast, its seizing Force;
 Or whirl'd in Air, or into vacant Chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a Burst of Rain,
 Swept from the black Horizon, broad, descends 335
 In one continuous Flood. Still over head
 The mingling Tempest weaves its Gloom, and still
 The Deluge deepens; till the Fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid Wave.
 Sudden, the Ditches swell; the Meadows swim. 340
 Red, from the Hills, innumerable Streams

Tumultuous

Tumultuous roar ; and high above its Banks
 The River lift ; before whose rushing Tide,
 Herds, Flocks, and Harvests, Cottages, and Swains,
 Roll mingled down ; all that the Winds had spar'd, 345
 In one wild Moment ruin'd, the big Hopes,
 And well-earn'd Treasures of the painful Year.
 Fled to some Eminence, the Husbandman,
 Helpless beholds the miserable Wreck
 Driving along ; his drowning Ox at once 350
 Descending, with his Labours scatter'd round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering Thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a Train
 Of clamant Children dear. Ye Masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious Hand, 355
 That sinks you soft in Elegance and Ease ;
 Be mindful of those Limbs in Russet clad,
 Whose Toil to yours is Warmth, and graceful Pride ;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing Board,
 Which covers yours with Luxury profuse, 360
 Makes your Glass sparkle, and your Sense rejoice !
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep Rains,
 And all-involving Winds have swept away.

HERE the rude Clamour of the Sportsman's Joy,
 The Gun fast-thundering, and the winded Horn, 365
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game* :
 How, in his Mid-career, the Spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted Gale, with open Nose,

Out-

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Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent Prey ; 370
 As in the Sun the circling Covey bask
 Their varied Plumes, and watchful every way
 Thro the rough Stubble turn the secret Eye.
 Caught in the meshy Snare, in vain they beat
 Their idle Wings, intangled more and more : 375
 Nor on the Surges of the boundless Air,
 Tho borne triumphant, are they safe ; the Gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the Fowler's Eye
 O'ertakes their sounding Pinions ; and again,
 Immediate, brings them from the towering Wing, 380
 Dead to the Ground ; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the Wind.

THESE are not Subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless Song ;
 Then most delighted, when she social sees 385
 The whole mix'd Animal-Creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not Joy to Her,
 This falsely chearful barbarous Game of Death ;
 This Rage of Pleasure, which the restless Youth
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming Morn ; 390
 When Beasts of Prey retire, that all Night long,
 Urg'd by Necessity, had rang'd the Dark,
 As if their conscious Ravage shun'd the Light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady Tyrant Man,
 Who, with the thoughtless Insolence of Power 395
 Inflam'd,

Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate Wrath
 Of the worst Monster that e'er roam'd the Waste,
 For Sport alone pursues the cruel Chace,
 Amid the Beamings of the gentle Days.
 Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes, our wanton Rage, 400
 For Hunger kindles you, and lawless Want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's Bounty roll'd,
 To joy at Anguish, and delight in Blood,
 Is what your horrid Bosoms never knew.

Poor is the Triumph o'er the timid Hare! 405
 Scar'd from the Corn, and now to some lone Seat
 Retir'd: the rushy Fen; the ragged Furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony Heath; the Stubble chapt;
 The thiftly Lawn; the thick entangled Broom;
 Of the same friendly Hue, the wither'd Fern; 410
 The fallow Ground laid open to the Sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy Bank,
 Hung o'er the Mazes of the Mountain-Brook.
 Vain is her best Precaution; tho' she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded Ears; unsleeping Eyes, 415
 By Nature rais'd to take th' Horizon in;
 And Head couch'd close betwixt her hairy Feet,
 In Act to spring away. The scented Dew
 Betrays her early Labyrinth; and deep,
 In scatter'd sullen Openings, far behind, 420
 With every Breeze she hears the coming Storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads

The

The fighting Gale, the springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage Soul of Game is up at once :
 The Pack full-opening, various ; the shrill Horn, 425
 Resounded from the Hills ; the neighing Steed,
 Wild for the Chace ; and the loud Hunter's Shout ;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying Creature, all
 Mix'd in mad Tumult, and discordant Joy.

THE Stag too, singled from the Herd, where long 430
 He rang'd the branching Monarch of the Shades,
 Before the Tempest drives. At first, in Speed
 He, sprightly, puts his Faith ; and, rous'd by Fear,
 Gives all his swift aerial Soul to Flight.
 Against the Breeze he darts, that Way the more 435
 To leave the lessening murderous Cry behind.
 Deception short ! tho' fleetier than the Winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd Mountain by the North,
 He bursts the Thickets, glances thro' the Glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest Wood. 440
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the Track
 Hot-streaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman Rout, and from the shady Depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every Shift.
 He sweeps the Forest oft ; and sobbing fees 445
 The Glades, mild opening to the golden Day ;

H

Where,

Where, in kind Contest, with his butting Friends
 He wont to struggle, or his Loves enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending Flood he tries
 To lose the Scent, and lave his burning Sides ; 450
 Oft seeks the Herd ; the watchful Herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish Care avoid a Brother's Woe.
 What shall he do ? His once so vivid Nerves,
 So full of buoyant Spirit, now no more
 Inspire the Course ; but fainting breathless Toil, 455
 Sick, seizes on his Heart : he stands at Bay ;
 And puts his last weak Refuge in Despair.
 The big round Tears run down his dappled Face ;
 He groans in Anguish ; while the growling Pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting Chest, 460
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd Sides with Gore.

Of this enough. But if the silvan Youth
 Whose fervent Blood boils into Violence,
 Must have the Chace ; behold, despising Flight,
 The rous'd-up Lion, resolute, and slow, 465
 Advancing full on the protended Spear,
 And Coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the Cavern, and the troubled Wood,
 See the grim Wolf ; on him his shaggy Foe
 Vindictive fix, and let the Ruffian die : 470
 Or

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Or, growling horrid, as the brindled Boar
Grins fell Destruction, to the Monster's Heart
Let the Dart lighten from the nervous Arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRITONS, then
Your sportive Fury, pitiless, to pour

475

Loose on the nightly Robber of the Fold :

Him, from his craggy winding Haunts unearth'd,

Let all the Thunder of the Chace pursue.

Throw the broad Ditch behind you ; o'er the Hedge

High-bound, refuseless; nor the deep Morass

480

Refuse, but thro the shaking Wilderness

Pick your nice Way ; into the perilous Flood

Bear fearless, of the raging Instinct full ;

And as you ride the Torrent, to the Banks

Your Triumph found sonorous, running round,

485

From Rock to Rock, in circling Echos tost.

BUT if the rougher Sex by this fierce Sport

570

Is hurried wild, let not such horrid Joy

E'er stain the Bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.

Far be the Spirit of the Chace from them !

490

Uncomely Courage, unbeseeming Skill,

580

To spring the Fence, to rein the prancing Steed,

H 2

The

The Cap, the Whip, the masculine Attire,
 In which they roughen to the Sense, and all
 The winning Softness of their Sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at Woe;
 With every Motion, every Word, to wave
 Quick o'er the kindling Cheek the ready Blush;
 And from the smallest Violence to shrink,
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their Fears;
 And by this silent Adulation, soft,
 To their Protection more engaging Man.
 O may their Eyes no miserable Sight,
 Save weeping Lovers, see! a nobler Game,
 Thro' Love's enchanting Wiles pursu'd, yet fled, 595
 In Chace ambiguous. May their tender Limbs
 Float in the loose Simplicity of Drefs!
 And, fashion'd all to Harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated Soul,
 In Rapture warbled from love-breathing Lips; 600
 To teach the Lute to languish; with smooth Step,
 Disclosing Motion in its every Charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy Dance;
 To train the Foliage o'er the snowy Lawn;
 To guide the Pencil, turn the tuneful Page; 605
 To lend new Flavour to the fruitful Year,

And

And heighten Nature's Dainties ; in their Race
 To rear their Graces into second Life ;
 To give Society its highest Taste ;
 Well-order'd home Man's best Delight to make ; 610
 And by submissive Wisdom, modest Skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding Art,
 To raise the Virtues, animate the Bliss,
 And sweeten all the Toils of human Life : 615
 This be the female Dignity, and Praise.

YE Swains now hasten to the Hazel-bank ;
 Where, down yon Dale, the wildly-winding Brook
 Falls hoarse from Steep to Steep. In 'close Array,
 Fit for the Thickets and the tangling Shrub, 620
 Ye Virgins come. For you their latest Song
 The Woodlands raise ; the clustering Nuts for you
 The Lover finds amid the secret Shade ;
 And, where they burnish on the topmost Bough,
 With active Vigour crushes down the Tree ; 625
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning Husk,
 A glossy Shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the Ringlets of MELINDA's Hair :
 MELINDA form'd with every Grace compleat,

Yet these neglecting, above Beauty wise, 630
And far transcending such a vulgar Praise.

HENCE from the busy joy-resounding Fields,
In chearful Error, let us tread the Maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
The Breath of Orchard big with bending Fruit. 635
Obedient to the Breeze and beating Ray,

From the deep-loaded Bough a mellow Shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy Pear
Lies, in a soft Profusion, scatter'd round.

A various Sweetness swells the gentle Race; 640
By Nature's all-refining Hand prepar'd;
Of temper'd Sun, and Water, Earth, and Air,

In ever changing Composition mixt,
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller Night, 645
The fragrant Stores, the wide-projected Heaps
Of Apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innumerable, o'er the blushing Orchard shakes.

A various Spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid Pores; and, active points 650
The piercing Cyder for the thirsty Tongue:
Thy Native Theme, and boon Inspirer too,
PHILLIPS, Pomona's Bard, the second thou

Who

Who nobly durst, in Rhyme-unfetter'd Verse,
 With BRITISH Freedom sing the BRITISH Song ; 655
 How, from *Silurian* Vats, high-sparkling Wines
 Foam in transparent Floods ; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry Revels of the labouring Hind ;
 And tasteful some, to cool the Summer-Hours.

IN this glad Season, while his sweetest Beams 660
 The Sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd Day ;
 Oh lose me in the green delightful Walks
 Of, DODINGTON, thy Seat, serene and plain ;
 Where simple Nature reigns ; and every View,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* Downs, 665
 In boundless Prospect, yonder shagg'd with Wood,
 Here rich with Harvest, and there white with Flocks !
 Mean time the Grandeur of thy lofty Dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd Eye.
 New Beauties rise with each revolving Day ; 670
 New Columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New Plants to quicken, and new Groves to green.
 Full of thy Genius all ! the Muses' Seat ;
 Where in the secret Bower, and winding Walk,
 For virtuous YOUNG and Thee they twine the Bay. 675
 Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless Thirst

Of thy Applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring Breeze ; and meditate the Book
 Of Nature ever open, aiming thence,
 Warm from the Heart, to learn the moral Song. 680
 Here, as I steal along the sunny Wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with Fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing Theme continual prompts my Thought :
 Presents the downy Peach ; the shining Plumb,
 The ruddy, fragrant Nectarine ; and dark,
 Beneath his ample Leaf, the luscious Fig.
 The Vine too here her curling Tendrils shoots ;
 Hangs out her Clusters, glowing to the South ;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer Sky. 690

TURN we a Moment Fancy's rapid Flight
 To vigorous Soils, and Climes of fair Extent ;
 Where, by the potent Sun elated high,
 The Vineyard swells refulgent on the Day ;
 Spreads o'er the Vale ; or up the Mountain climbs, 695
 Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny Rocks,
 From Cliff to Cliff increas'd, the heighten'd Blaze.
 Low bend the weighty Boughs. The Clusters clear,
 Half thro the Foliage seen, or ardent flame,

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Or shine transparent ; while Perfection breathes 700

White o'er the turgent Film the living Dew.

As thus they brighten with exalted Juice,

Touch'd into Flavour by the mingling Ray ;

The rural Youth and Virgins o'er the Field,

Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal Prime, 705

Exulting rove, and speak the Vintage nigh.

Then comes the crushing Swain ; the Country floats,

And foams unbounded with the massy Flood ;

That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,

Round the rais'd Nations pours the Cup of Joy : 710

The Claret smooth, red as the Lip we press

In sparkling Fancy, while we drain the Bowl ;

The mellow-tasted Burgundy ; and quick,

As is the Wit it gives, the gay Campaign.

Now, by the cool declining Year condens'd, 715

Descend the copious Exhalations, check'd

As up the middle Sky unseen they stole,

And roll the doubling Fogs around the Hill.

No more the Mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,

Who pours a Sweep of Rivers from his Sides, 720

And high between contending kingdoms rears

The rocky long Division, fills the View
 With great Variety ; but in a Night
 Of gathering Vapour, from the baffled Sense
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 725
 The huge Dusk, gradual, swallows up the Plain.
 Vanish the Woods. The dim-seen River seems
 Sullen, and slow, to rowl the misty Wave.
 Even in the Height of Noon oppress'd, the Sun
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted Ray ; 730
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd Orb,
 He frights the Nations. Indistinct on Earth,
 Seen thro the turbid Air, beyond the Life
 Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the Waste
 The Shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 735
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper Circles still
 Successive closing, fits the general Fog
 Unbounded o'er the World ; and, mingling thick,
 A formless grey Confusion covers all.
 As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD) 740
 Light, uncollected, thro the Chaos urg'd
 Its Infant Way ; nor Order yet had drawn
 His lovely Train from out the dubious Gloom.

THESE roving Mists, that constant now begin

To

To smooke along the hilly Country, These, 745
With weighty Rains, and melted Alpine Snows,
The Mountain-Cisterns fill, those ample Stores
Of Water, scoop'd among the hollow Rocks;
Whence gush the Streams, the ceaseless Fountains play,
And their unfailing Wealth the Rivers draw. 750
Some Sages say, that, where the numerous Wave
For ever lashes the resounding Shore,
Drill'd thro' the sandy *Stratum*, every Way,
The Waters with the sandy *Stratum* rise;
Amid whose Angles infinitely strain'd, 755
They joyful leave their jaggy Salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless Fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous Vale it springs;
But to the Mountain courted by the Sand, 760
That leads it darkling on in faithful Maze,
Far from the Parent-Main, it boils again
Fresh into Day; and all the glittering Hill
Is bright with spouting Rills. But hence this vain
Amusive Dream! why should the Waters love 765
To take so far a Journey to the Hills,
When the sweet Valleys offer to their Toil
Inviting Quiet, and a nearer Bed?

Or if, by blind Ambition led astray,
 They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop 770
 Among the broken Mountain's rushy Dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest Peak, desert
 Th' attractive Sand that charm'd their Course so long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating Salts
 The Spoil of Ages, would impervious choak 775
 Their secret Channels ; or, by slow Degrees,
 High as the Hills protrude the swelling Vales :
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous Globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid Bed,
 And brought *Deucalion's* watry Times again. 780

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal Springs,
 That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
 From mortal Eye, yet with their lavish Stores
 Refresh the Globe, and all its joyous Tribes ?
 O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man, 785
 To trace the Secrets of the dark Abyfs,
 O lay the Mountains bare ! and wide display
 Their hidden Structure to th' astonish'd View !
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny Load, 790
 The huge Incumbrance of horrific Woods

From

From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imaüs* stretch'd
 Athwart the roving *Tartar's* fullen Bounds !
 Give opening *Hemus* to my searching Eye,
 And high *Olympus* pouring many a Stream ! 795
 O from the founding Summits of the North,
 The *Dofrine Hills*, thro *Scandinavia* roll'd
 To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen Main ;
 From lofty *Caucasus*, far-seen by Those
 Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil ;
 From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Rufs*
 Believes the † *stony Girdle* of the World ;
 And all the dreadful Mountains, wrapt in Storm,
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely Floods ;
 O sweep th' eternal Snows ! Hung o'er the Deep, 805
 That ever works beneath his founding Base,
 Bid *Atlas*, propping Heaven, as Poets feign,
 His subterranean Wonders spread ! unveil
 The miny Caverns, blazing on the Day,
 Of *Abyssinia's* Cloud-compelling Cliffs, 810

And

† *The Moscovites call the Riphean Mountains Weliki Camenypoys, that is, the great stony Girdle ; because they suppose them to encompass the whole Earth.*

And of the bending * *Mountains of the Moon* !
 O'ertopping all these Giant-Sons of Earth,
 Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line
 Stretch'd to the stormy Seas that thunder round
 The southern Pole, their hideous Deeps unfold ! 815
 Amazing Scene ! Behold ! the Glooms disclose,
 I see the Rivers in their infant Beds !
 Deep deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free !
 I see the leaning *Strata*, artful rang'd ;
 The gaping Fissures to receive the Rains, 820
 The melting Snows, and ever-dripping Fogs.
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the Sands,
 The pebbly Gravel next, the Layers then
 Of mingled Moulds, of more retentive Earths,
 The guttur'd Rocks and mazy-running Clefts ; 825
 That, while the stealing Moisture they transmit,
 Retard its Motion, and forbid its Waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these Drains,
 I see the rocky Siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty Reservoirs, of harden'd Chalk, 830
 Or stiff compacted Clay, 'capacious form'd.

O'er-

* *A Range of Mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.*

O'erflowing thence, the congregated Stores,
The crystal Treasures of the liquid World,
Thro' the stirr'd Sands a bubbling Passage burst;
And welling out, around the middle Steep, 835
Or from the Bottoms of the bosom'd Hills,
In pure Effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling Sun, the Vapour-burden'd Air,
The gelid Mountains, that to Rain condens'd
These Vapours in continual Current draw, 840
And send 'em, o'er the fair-divided Earth,
In bounteous Rivers to the Deep again,
A social Commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted Harmony of Things.

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing Gleams, 845
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The Swallow-People; and tofs'd wide around,
O'er the calm Sky, in Convolution swift,
The feather'd Eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry Slumbers they retire, 850
In Clusters clung, beneath the mouldring Bank,
And where, unpierc'd by Frost, the Cavern sweats:
Or rather into warmer Climes convey'd,
With other kindred Birds of Season, there
They

They twitter chearful, till the vernal Months 855
 Invite them welcome back : for, thronging, now
 Innumerable Wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the *Rhine* loses his majestic Force
 In *Belgian* Plains, won from the raging Deep,
 By Diligence amazing, and the strong 860
 Unconquerable Hand of Liberty,
 The Stork-Assembly meets ; for many a Day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous Voyage thro the liquid Sky.
 And now their Rout design'd, their Leaders chose, 865
 Their Tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous Wings,
 And many a Circle, many a short Essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in Congregation full,
 The figur'd Flight ascends ; and, riding high
 Th' aërial Billows, mixes with the Clouds. 870

OR where the *Northern* Ocean, in vast Whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy Isles
 Of farthest *Tbulè*, and th' *Atlantic* Surge
 Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*,
 Who can recount what Transmigrations there 875
 Are annual made ? What Nations come and go ?
 And

And how the living Clouds on Clouds arise ?
 Infinite Wings ! till all the Plume-dark Air,
 And rude resounding Shore are one wild Cry.

HERE the plain harmless Native his small Flock,
 And Herd diminutive of many Hues, 881
 Tends on the little Island's verdant Swell,
 The Shepherd's sea-girt Reign ; or, to the Rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious Food ;
 Or sweeps the fishy Shore ; or treasures up 885
 The Plumage, rising full, to form the Bed
 Of Luxury. And here a while the Muse,
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean Scene,
 Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic View ;
 Her airy Mountains, from the waving Main, 890
 Invested with a keen diffusive Sky,
 Breathing the Soul acute ; her Forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's Hand
 Planted of old ; her azure Lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watry Wealth 895
 Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile Vales ;
 With many a cool translucent brimming Flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure Parent-Stream,
 Whose pastoral Banks first heard my Doric Reed,

With,

With, silvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook) 900
 To where the North-inflated Tempest foams
 O'er *Orca's* or *Betubium's* highest Peak :
 Nurse of a People, in Misfortune's School
 Train'd up to hardy Deeds, soon visited
 By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* Rage 905
 She took her western Flight. A manly Race,
 Of unsubmitting Spirit, wise, and brave,
 Who still thro bleeding Ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy *WALLACE* can attest,
 Great Patriot-Heroe ! ill-requited Chief !)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd State ;
 Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal Bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting Glory borne
 O'er every Land, for every Land their Life 915
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing Genius plan'd,
 And swell'd the Pomp of Peace their faithful Toil:
 As from their own clear North, in radiant Streams,
 Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn*.

OH is there not some Patriot, in whose Power 920
 That best that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing Thousands, Thousands yet unborn,
 Thro late Posterity ? some, large of Soul,

T.

AUTUMN.

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To cheer dejected Industry, to give
 A double Harvest to the pining Swain, 925
 And teach the labouring Hand the Sweets of Toil;
 How, by the finest Art, the native Robe
 To weave; how, white as Hyperborean Snow,
 To form the lucid Lawn; with venturous Oar
 How to dash wide the Billow; nor look on, 930
 Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* Fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny Swarms,
 That heave our Friths, and croud upon our Shores;
 How all-enlivening Trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous Sail, from every growing Port, 935
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled Globe;
 And thus, in Soul united as in Name,
 Bid BRITAIN reign the Mistress of the Deep?

YES, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLE,
 Her Hope, her Stay, her Darling, and her Boast, 940
 From her first Patriots and her Heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her Eye;
 In thee, with all a Mother's Triumph, sees
 Her every Virtue, every Grace combin'd,
 Her Genius, Wisdom, her engaging Turn, 945
 Her Pride of Honour, and her Courage try'd,

Calm,

Calm, and intrepid, in the very Throat
 Of sulphurous War, on *Tenier's* dreadful Field.
 Nor less the Palm of Peace inwreathes thy Brow :
 For, powerful as thy Sword, from thy rich Tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high Debate ; 951
 While mix'd in thee combine the Charm of Youth,
 The Force of Manhood, and the Depth of Age.
 Thee, *FORBES*, too, whom every Worth attends,
 As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind, 955
 Thee, truly generous, and in Silence great,
 Thy Country feels thro her reviving Arts,
 Plan'd by thy Wisdom, by thy Soul inform'd ;
 And seldom has she known a Friend like thee.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd Woods, 960
 Shade deepening over Shade, the Country round
 Imbrown ; a crowd'd Umbrage, dusk, and dun,
 Of every Hue, from wan declining Green
 To footy Dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown Walks, 965
 And give the Season in its latest View.

MEAN-TIME, light-shadowing all, a sober Calm
 Fleeces unbounded Ether ; whose least Wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn

The

A U T U M N.

165

The gentle Current : while illumin'd wide, 970
 The dewy-skirted Clouds imbibe the Sun,
 And thro' their lucid Veil his soften'd Force
 Shed o'er the peaceful World. Then is the Time
 For Those, whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate Croud, 975
 And soar above this little Scene of Things ;
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their Feet;
 To sooth the throbbing Passions into Peace ;
 And wooe lone Quiet in her silent Walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive Guise, 980
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet Mead,
 And thro' the sadden'd Grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying Strain, to chear the Woodman's Toil.
 Haply some widow'd Songster pours his Complaint,
 Far, in faint Warblings, thro' the tawny Copse. 985
 While congregated Thrushes, Linnets, Larks,
 And each wild Throat, whose artless Strains so late
 Swell'd all the Music of the swarming Shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful Souls, now shivering fit
 On the dead Tree, a dull despondent Flock, 990
 With not a Brightness waving o'er their Plumes,
 And nought save chattering Discord in their Note.
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman Eye,

The

The Gun the Music of the coming Year
 Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting Harm, 995
 Lay the weak Tribes, a miserable Prey,
 In mingled Murder, fluttering on the Ground !

THE pale descending Year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler Mood inspires ; for now the Leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful Grove. 1000
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro the waving Air.
 But should a quicker Breeze amid the Boughs
 Sob, o'er the Sky the leafy Deluge streams ;
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary Shower, 1005
 The Forest-Walks, at every rising Gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd Waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted Verdure of the Fields ;
 And, shrunk into their Beds, the flowery Race
 Their sunny Robes resign. Ev'n what remain'd 1010
 Of stronger Fruits falls from the naked Tree ;
 And Woods, Fields, Gardens, Orchards, all around
 The desolated Prospect thrills the Soul.

HE comes ! he comes ! in every Breeze the POWER
 Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes ! 1015
 His near Approach the sudden-starting Tear,

A U T U M N.

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The glowing Cheek, the mild dejected Air,
 The soften'd Feature, and the beating Heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous Pang, declare.
 O'er all the Soul his sacred Influence breathes ; 1020
 Inflames Imagination ; thro the Breast
 Infuses every Tenderness ; and far
 Beyond dim Earth exalts the swelling Thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet Ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar Dream, 1025
 Croud fast into the Mind's creative Eye :
 As fast the correspondent Passions rise,
 As varied, and as high : Devotion rais'd
 To Rapture, and divine Astonishment ;
 The Love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief, 1030
 Of human Race ; the large ambitious Wish,
 To make them blest ; the Sigh for suffering Worth,
 Lost in Obscurity ; the noble Scorn,
 Of Tyrant-Pride ; the fearless great Resolve ; 1035
 The Wonder which the dying Patriot draws,
 Inspiring Glory thro remotest Time ;
 Th' awaken'd Throb for Virtue, and for Fame ;
 The Sympathies of Love, and Friendship dear ;
 With all the social Offspring of the Heart.

Oh bear me then to vast embowering Shades,

To

To twilight Groves, and visionary Vales ;
 To weeping Grottoes, and prophetic Gloom ;
 Where Angel Forms athwart the solemn Dusk,
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along, 1045
 And Voices more than human, thro' the Void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic Ear !

OR is this Gloom too much ? Then lead, ye Powers,
 That o'er the Garden and the rural Seat
 Preside, which shining thro the chearful Land 1050
 In countless Numbers blest BRITANNIA sees ;
 O lead me to the wide-extended Walks,
 The fair Majestic Paradise of STOWE * !
 Not *Persian* Cyrus on *Ionia's* Shore,
 E'er saw such silvan Scenes ; such various Art 1055
 By Genius fir'd, such ardent Genius tam'd
 By cool judicious Art ; that, in the Strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O PIT, thy Country's early Boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd Slopes, 1060
 Or in that † *Temple* where, in future Times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd Name ;
 And, with thy Converse blest, catch the last Smiles

Of

* *The Seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.*

† *The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.*

A U T U M N. 169.

Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow Woods.
 While there with Thee th' enchanted Round I walk,
 The regulated Wild, gay Fancy then 1066
 Will tread in Thought the Groves of *Attic Land*;
 Will from thy standard Taste refine her own,
 Correct her Pencil to the purest Truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd Shades 1070
 Forfaking, raise it to the human Mind.
 O if hereafter she, with *juster* Hand,
 Shall draw the Tragic Scene, instruct Her thou,
 To mark the vary'd Movements of the Heart,
 What every decent Character requires, 1075
 And every Passion speaks: O thro' her Strain
 Breathe thy pathetic Eloquence! that moulds
 Th' attentive Senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest Zeal th' indignant Lightning throws,
 And shakes Corruption on her venal Throne. 1080
 While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*
 Delighted rove, perhaps a Sigh escapes:
 What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant Files
 Of order'd Trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of Squadrons flaming o'er the Field, 1085
 And long-embattled Hosts! When the proud Foe
 The faithless vain Disturber of Mankind,
 Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the World to War;
 When keen, once more, within their Bounds to press
 Those polish'd Robbers, those ambitious Slaves, 1090
 I The

The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wife Command,
Thy temper'd Ardor and thy veteran Skill.

THE Western Sun withdraws the shorten'd Day;
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the Sky,
In her chill Progress, to the Ground condens'd 1095
The Vapours throws. Where creeping Waters ooze,
Where Marshes stagnate, and where Rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling Fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled Lawn. Mean-while the Moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro the scatter'd Clouds, 1100
Shews her broad Visage in the crimson'd East.
Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted Disk,
Where Mountains rise, umbrageous Dales descend,
And Caverns deep, as optic Tube descries,
A smaller Earth, gives all his Blaze again, 1105
Void of its Flame, and sheds a softer Day.
Now thro the passing Cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure Cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale Deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd Mountain to the shadowy Vale, 1110
While Rocks and Floods reflect the quivering Gleam,
The whole Air whitens with a boundless Tide
Of silver Radiance, trembling round the World.

BUT when half-blotted from the Sky her Light,
Fainting, permits the starry Fires to burn, 1115
With keener Luster thro the Depth of Heaven;
Or

Or quite extinct her deaden'd Orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless White ;
 Oft in this Season, silent from the North
 A Blaze of Meteors shoots: ensweeping first 1120
 The lower Skies, they all at once converge
 High to the Crown of Heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All Ether coursing in a Maze of Light. 1125

FROM Look to Look, contagious thro the Croud,
 The Pannic runs, and into wondrous Shapes
 Th' Appearance throws: Armies in meet Array,
 Throng'd with aerial Spears, and Steeds of Fire ;
 Till the long Lines of full-extended War 1130
 In bleeding Fight commixt, the sanguine Flood
 Rolls a broad Slaughter o'er the Plains of Heaven:
 As thus they scan the visionary Scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious Din,
 Incontinent ; and busy Frenzy talks 1135
 Of Blood and Battle ; Cities over-turn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing Earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending Flame ;
 Of fallow Famine, Inundation, Storm ;
 Of Pestilence, and every great Distress ; 1140
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
 Th' unalterable Hour : even Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the Brink of Time.

Not so the Man of philosophic Eye,
 And Inspect sage ; the waving Brightness he 1145
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The Causes, and Materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this Appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black; and deep, the Night begins to fall,
 A Shade immense. Sunk in the quenching Gloom, 1150
 Magnificent and vast, are Heaven and Earth.
 Order confounded lies ; all Beauty void ;
 Distinction lost ; and gay Variety
 One universal Blot : such the fair Power
 Of Light, to kindle and create the Whole. 1155
 Drear is the State of the benighted Wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro the Dark,
 Full of pale Fancies, and Chimeras huge ;
 Nor visited by one directive Ray,
 From Cottage streaming, or from airy Hall. 1160
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the Root of slimy Rushes, blue,
 The Wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
 A Length of Flame deceitful o'er the Moss ;
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastick Blaze, 1165
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and Horse, amid the miry Gulph :
 While still, from Day to Day, his pining Wife,
 And plaintive Children his Return await,
 In wild Conjecture lost. At other Times, 1170

Sent

A U T U M N.

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Sent by the *better Genius* of the Night,
 Innocuous, gleaming on the Horse's Mane,
 The Meteor sits ; and shews the narrow Path,
 That winding leads thro Pits of Death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous Ford. 1175

THE lengthen'd Night elaps'd, the Morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy Beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last Autumnal Day.
 And now the mounting Sun dispels the Fog ;
 The rigid Hoar-Frost melts before his Beam ; 1180
 And hung on every Spray, on every Blade
 Of Grass, the myriad Dew-Drops twinkle round.

AH see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that Pit,
 Lies the still heaving Hive ! at Evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the Cloud of Guilt-concealing Night, 1185
 And fix'd o'er Sulphur : while, not dreaming Ill,
 The happy People, in their waxen Cells,
 Sat tending public Cares, and planning Schemes
 Of Temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoic'd
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious Stores. 1190
 Sudden the dark oppressive Steam ascends ;
 And, us'd to milder Scents, the tender Race,
 By thousands, tumbles from their honey'd Domes,
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the Dust.
 And was it then for This you roam'd the Spring, 1195
 Intent from Flower to Flower ? for This you toil'd

Ceasless the burning Summer-Heats away ?
 For This in Autumn sear'd the blooming Waste,
 Nor lost one sunny Gleam ? for this sad Fate ?
 O Man ! tyrannic Lord ! how long, how long, 1200
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your Rage,
 Awaiting Renovation ? when oblig'd,
 Must you destroy ? Of their ambrosial Food
 Can you not borrow ; and, in just Return,
 Afford them Shelter from the wintry Winds ; 1205
 Or, as the sharp Year pinches, with their Own
 Again regale them on some smiling Day ?
 See where the stony Bottom of their Town
 Looks desolate, and wild ; with here and there
 A helpless Number, who the ruin'd State 1210
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to Death.
 Thus a proud City, populous and rich,
 Full of the Works of Peace, and high in Joy,
 At Theater or Feast, or sunk in Sleep,
 (As late, *Palermo*, was thy Fate) is seiz'd 1215
 By some dread Earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,
 Sheer from the black Foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a Gulph of blue sulphureous Flame.

HENCE every harsher Sight ! for now the Day,
 O'er Heaven and Earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
 Infinite Splendor ! wide investing All. 1221
 How still the Breeze ! save what the filmy Threads
 Of Dew evaporate brushes from the Plain.

How

AUTUMN.

175

How clear the cloudless Sky ! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar Blue ! th' ethereal Arch 1225
 How swell'd immense ! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant Sun how gay ! how calm below
 The gilded Earth ! the Harvest-Treasures all
 Now gather'd in, beyond the Rage of Storms,
 Sure to the Swain ; the circling Fence shut up ; 1230
 And instant Winter's utmost Rage defy'd.
 While, loose to festive Joy, the Country round
 Laughs with the loud Sincerity of Mirth,
 Shook to the Wind their Cares. The Toil-strung Youth
 By the quick Sense of Music taught alone, 1235
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively Dance.
 Her every Charm abroad, the Village-Toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native Beauty rich,
 Darts not-unmeaning Looks ; and, where her Eye
 Points an approving Smile, with double Force, 1240
 The Cudgel rattles, and the Wrestler twines.
 Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts
 The Feats of Youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's Sun, their annual Toil
 Begins again the never-ceasing Round. 1245

Oh knew he but his Happiness, of Men
 The happiest he ! who far from public Rage,
 Deep in the Vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,
 Drinks the pure Pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
 What tho the Dome be wanting, whose proud Gate,

Each Morning, vomits out the sneaking Croud 1251
 Of Flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
 Vile Intercourse! What tho the glittering Robe,
 Of every Hue reflected Light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy Gold, 1255
 The Pride and Gaze of Fools! oppresses him not ?
 What tho, from utmost Land and Sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary Life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate Table heaps
 With Luxury, and Death ? What tho his Bowl 1260
 Flames not with costly Juice ; nor sunk in Beds,
 Oft of gay Care, he tosses out the Night,
 Or melts the thoughtless Hours in idle State ?
 What tho he knows not those fantastic Joys,
 That still amuse the Wanton, still deceive ; 1265
 A Face of Pleasure, but a Heart of Pain ;
 Their hollow Moments undelighted all ?
 Sure Peace is his ; a solid Life, estrang'd
 To Disappointment, and fallacious Hope :
 Rich in Content, in Nature's Bounty rich, 1270
 In Herbs and Fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
 When Heaven descends in Showers ; or bends the Bough,
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;
 Or in the Wintry Glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest Sap : 1275
 These are not wanting ; nor the milky Drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing Vale ;
 Nor bleating Mountains ; nor the Chide of Streams,
 And

A U T U M N.

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And Hum of Bees, inviting Sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless Breast, beneath the Shade, 1280
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant Hay ;
 Nor aught besides of Prospect, Grove, or Song,
 Dim Grottoes, gleaming Lakes, and Fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple Truth ; plain Innocence ;
 Unfully'd Beauty ; sound unbroken Youth,
 Patient of Labour, with a Little pleas'd ;
 Health ever-blooming ; unambitious Toil ; 1285
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.

LET others brave the Flood in Quest of Gain,
 And beat, for joyless Months, the gloomy Wave.
 Let such as deem it Glory to destroy
 Rush into Blood, the Sack of Cities seek ; 1290
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the Widow's Wail,
 The Virgin's Shriek, and Infant's trembling Cry.
 Let some, far-distant from their native Soil,
 Urg'd or by Want or harden'd Avarice,
 Find other Lands beneath another Sun. 1295
 Let This thro Cities work his eager Way,
 By legal Outrage, and establish'd Guile,
 The social Sense extinct ; and That ferment
 Mad into Tumult the seditious Herd,
 Or melt them down to Slavery. Let These 1300
 Insnare the Wretched in the Toils of Law,
 Fomenting Discord, and perplexing Right,
 An iron Race ! and Those of fairer Front,

But equal Inhumanity, in Courts,
 Delusive Pomp, and dark Cabals, delight ; 1305
 Wreathe the deep Bow, diffuse the lying Smile,
 And tread the weary Labyrinth of State.
 While He, from all the stormy Passions free
 That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the Human Tempest roar, 1310
 Wrapt close in conscious Peace. The Fall of Kings,
 The Rage of Nations, and the Crush of States,
 Move not the Man, who, from the World escap'd,
 In still Retreats, and flowery Solitudes,
 To Nature's Voice attends, from Month to Month,
 And Day to Day, thro the revolving Year ; 1316
 Admiring, sees Her in her every Shape ;
 Feels all her sweet Emotions at his Heart ;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting Gems,
 Marks the first Bud, and sucks the healthful Gale 1321
 Into his freshen'd Soul ; her genial Hours
 He full enjoys ; and not a Beauty blows,
 And not an opening Blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living Shade, 1325
 Such as o'er frigid *Tempè* wont to wave,
 Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of These
 Perhaps, has in immortal Numbers sung ;
 Or what she dictates writes ; and, oft an Eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous Year. 1330
 When Autumn's yellow Luster gilds the World,

And

And tempts the fickle Swain into the Field,
 Seiz'd by the general Joy, his Heart distends
 With gentle Throws; and, thro the tepid Gleams
 Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his Song. 1335
 Even Winter wild to him is full of Bliss.
 The mighty Tempest, and the hoary Waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the bury'd Earth,
 Awake to solemn Thought. At Night the Skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining Frost, 1340
 Pour every Luster on th' exalted Eye.
 A Friend a Book the stealing Hours secure,
 And mark them down for Wisdom. With swift Wing,
 O'er Land and Sea Imagination roams;
 Or Truth, divinely breaking on his Mind, 1345
 Elates his Being, and unfolds his Powers;
 Or in his Breast Heroic Virtue burns.
 The Touch of Kindred too and Love he feels;
 The modest Eye, whose Beams on His alone
 Extatic shine; the little strong Embrace 1350
 Of prattling Children, twin'd around his Neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental Soul. Nor Purpose gay,
 Amusement, Dance, or Song, he sternly scorns;
 For Happiness and true Philosophy 1355
 Are of the social still, and smiling Kind.
 This is the Life which those who fret in Guilt,
 And guilty Cities, never knew; the Life,

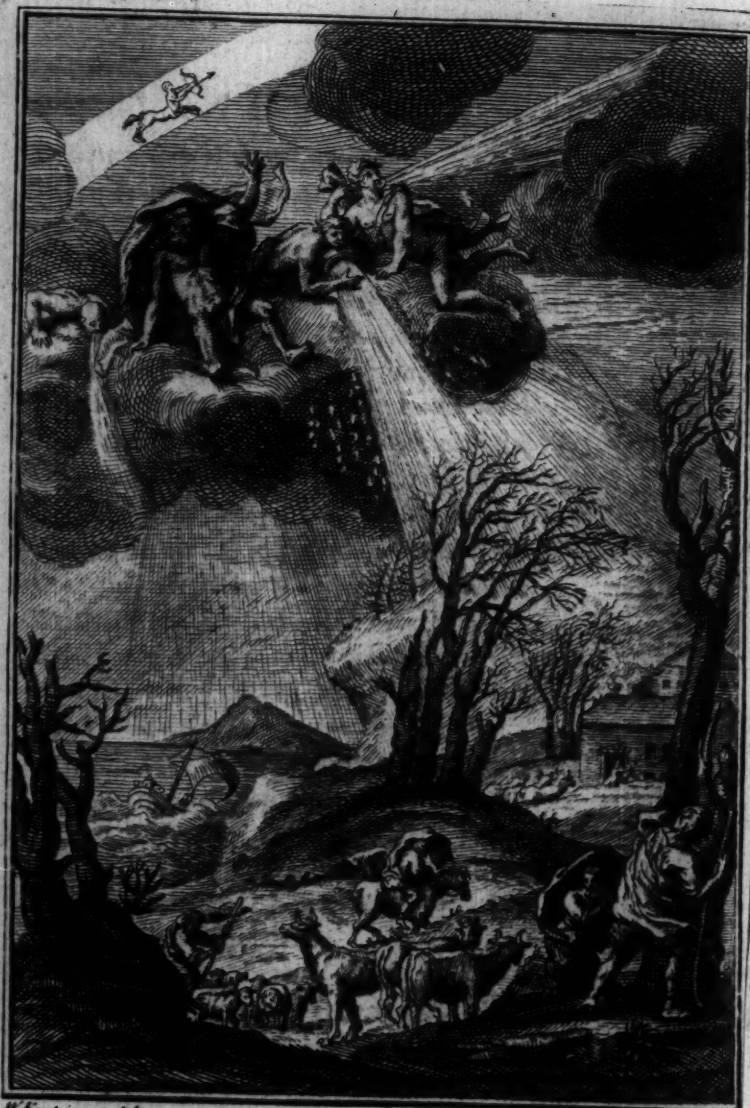
Led by primeval Ages, uncorrupt,
When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man! 1360

OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the Knowledge of thy Works!
Snatch me to Heaven; thy rolling Wonders there,
World beyond World, in infinite Extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue Immense, 1365
Shew me; their Motions, Periods, and their Laws,
Give me to scan; thro the disclosing Deep
Light my blind Way: the mineral *Strata* there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable World;
O'er that the rising System, more complex, 1370
Of Animals; and higher still, the Mind,
The vary'd Scene of quick-compounded Thought,
And where the mixing Passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd Eye:
A Search, the Flight of Time can ne'er exhaust! 1375
But if to that unequal; if the Blood,
In sluggish Streams about my Heart, forbid
That *best* Ambition; under closing Shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly Brook,
And whisper to my Dreams. From THEE begin, 1380
Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my Song;
And let me never never stray from THEE!

W I N T E R.



WINTER



H. Kent inv. et del.

P. Rodenrieck sculp.

WINTER.

W I N T E R.

N.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed. Address to the Earl of WILMINGTON.

First Approach of Winter. According to the natural Course of the Season, various Storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the Snows: A Man perishing among them; whence Reflections on the Wants and Miseries of Human Life. The Wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A Winter-Evening described: as spent by Philosophers; by the Country People; in the City. Frost. A View of Winter within the polar Circle. A Thaw. The whole concluding with moral Reflections on a future State.

W I N T E R.

S E E, WINTER comes, to rule the vary'd Year,
 Sullen, and sad, with all his rising Train ;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my Theme,
 These, that exalt the Soul to solemn Thought,
 And heavenly Musing. Welcome, kindred Glooms ! 5
 Cogential Horrors, hail ! with frequent Foot,
 Pleas'd have I, in my chearful Morn of Life,
 When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of Nature with unceasing Joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough Domain ; 10
 Trod the pure Virgin-Snows, myself as pure ;
 Heard the Winds roar, and the big Torrent burst ;
 Or seen the deep fermenting Tempest brew'd,
 In the grim Evening-Sky. Thus pass'd the Time,
 Till thro' the lucid Chambers of the South 15
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out and smil'd.

T o Thee, the Patron of *this first* Essay,
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON ! renews her Song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving Year :

Skim'd

Skim'd the gay Spring ; on Eagle-Pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro the Summer-Blaze to rise ;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy Gale ;
 And now among the Wintry Clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling Storm, she tries to soar ;
 To swell her Note with all the rushing Winds ; 25
 To suit her sounding Cadence to the Floods ;
 As is her Theme, her Numbers wildly great :
 Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging Ear
 With bold Description, and with manly Thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful Schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty People thrive :
 But equal Goodness, sound Integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted Soul
 Amid a sliding Age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy Country's Weal, 35
 A steady Spirit regularly free ;
 These, each exalting each, the Statesman light
 Into the Patriot ; These, the publick Hope
 And Eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what Envy dares not Flattery call. 40

Now when the chearless Empire of the Sky
 To *Capricorn* the *Centaur-Archer* yields,
 And fierce *Aquarius*, stains th' inverted Year ;
 Hung o'er the farthest Verge of Heaven, the Sun
 Scarce spreads o'er Ether the dejected Day.
 Faint are his Gleams, and ineffectual shoot 45
 His

W I N T E R.

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His struggling Rays, in horizontal Lines,
 Thro the thick Air ; as cloath'd in cloudy Storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the Southern Sky ;
 And, soon-descending, to the long dark Night,
 Wide-shading All, the prostrate World resigns. 50
 Nor is the Night unwish'd ; while vital Heat,
 Light, Life, and Joy, the dubious Day forsake.
 Mean-time, in fable Cincture, Shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated Clouds,
 And all the vapoury Turbulence of Heaven 55
 Involve the Face of Things. Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy Gloom oppressive o'er the World,
 Thro Nature shedding Influence malign,
 And rouses up the Seeds of dark Disease.
 The Soul of Man dies in him, loathing Life, 60
 And black with more than melancholy Views.
 The Cattle droop ; and o'er the furrow'd Land,
 Fresh from the Plow, the dun discolour'd Flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome Root.
 Along the Woods, along the moorish Fens, 65
 Sighs the sad *Gentus* of the coming Storm ;
 And up among the loose disjointed Cliffs,
 And fractur'd Mountains wild, the brawling Brook
 And Cave, presageful, send a hollow Moan,
 Refounding long in listening Fancy's Ear. 70

T H E N comes the Father of the Tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black Glooms. First joyless Rains obscure
Drive

Drive thro the mingling Skies with Vapour foul ;
 Dash on the Mountain's Brow, and shake the Woods,
 That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly Plain 75
 Lies a brown Deluge ; as the low-bent Clouds
 Pour Flood on Flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into Night shut up
 The Day's fair Face. The Wanderers of Heaven,
 Each to his Home, retire ; save Those that love 80
 To take their Pastime in the troubled Air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply Pool.
 The Cattle from th'untasted Fields return,
 And ask, with meaning Lowe, their wonted Stalls,
 Or ruminate in the contiguous Shade. 85
 Thither the household feathery People croud,
 The crested Cock, with all his female Train,
 Pensivè, and dripping ; while the Cottage-Hind
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening Blaze, and taleful there
 Recoûnts his simple Frolick : much he talks, 90
 And much he laughs, nor recks the Storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble Roof.

W I D E o'er the Brim, with many a Torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd Ruin of its Banks o'erspread,
 At last the rous'd-up River pours along : 95
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude Mountain, and the mossy Wild,
 Tumbling thro Rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;
 Then o'er the sanded Valley floating spreads,

Calm,

W I N T E R.

189

Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrain'd, 100
Between two meeting Hills it bursts a Way,
Where Rocks and Woods o'erhang the turbid Stream ;
There gathering triple Force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro.

NATURE ! great Parent ! whose unceasing Hand 105
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful Year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy Works !
With what a pleasing Dread they swell the Soul !
That sees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings !
Ye too, ye Winds ! that now begin to blow, 110
With boisterous Sweep, I raise my Voice to you.
Where are your Stores, ye powerful Beings ! say,
Where your ærial Magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding Terrors of the Storm ?
In what far-distant Region of the Sky, 115
Hush'd in deep Silence, sleep you when 'tis calm ?

W H E N from the palid Sky the Sun descends,
With many a Spot, that o'er his glaring Orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery Streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling Clouds 120
Stagger with dizzy Poise, as doubting yet
Which Master to obey : while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd East, the Moon
Wears a wan Circle round her blunted Horns.
Seen thro the turbid fluctuating Air, 125

The

The Stars obtuse emit a shivering Ray ;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the Gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening Blaze.
 Snatch'd in short Eddies, plays the wither'd Leaf;
 And on the Flood the dancing Feather floats. 130
 With broaden'd Nostrils to the Sky upturn'd,
 The conscious Heifer snuffs the stormy Gale.
 Even as the Matron, at her nightly Task,
 With pensive Labour draws the flaxen Thread,
 The wasted Taper and the crackling Flame 135
 Foretell the Blast. But chief the plumy Race,
 The Tenants of the Sky, its Changes speak.
 Retiring from the Downs, where all Day long
 They pick'd their scanty Fare, a blackening Train
 Of clamorous Rooks thick-urge their weary Flight, 140
 And seek the closing Shelter of the Grove.
 Assiduous, in his Bower, the wailing Owl
 Plies his sad Song. The Cormorant on high 145
 Wheels from the Deep, and screams along the Land.
 Loud shrieks the soaring Hern ; and with wild Wing
 The circling Sea-Fowl cleave the flaky Clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken Tide
 And blind Commotion heaves ; while from the Shore,
 Eat into Caverns by the restless Wave, 150
 And Forest-rustling Mountain, comes a Voice,
 That solemn-sounding bids the World prepare.
 Then issues forth the Storm with sudden Burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated Air, 155
 Down,

W I N T E R.

191

Down, in a Torrent. On the passive Main
Descends th' etherial Force, and with strong Guff
Turns from its Bottom the discolour'd Deep.

Thro' the black Night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into Foam, the fierce conflicting Brine 160
Seems o'er a thousand raging Waves to burn ;

Meantime the Mountain-Billows, to the Clouds
In dreadful Tumult swell'd, Surge above Surge,
Burst into Chaos with tremendous Roar,
And anchor'd Navies from their Stations drive, 165

Wild as the Winds across the howling Waste
Of mighty Waters : now th' inflated Wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret Chambers of the Deep,
The wintry *Baltick* thundering o'er their Head. 170

Emerging thence again, before the Breath
Of full-exerted Heaven they wing their Course,
And dart on distant Coasts ; if some sharp Rock,
Or Shoal insidious break not their Career,
And in loose Fragments fling them floating round. 175

N o r less at Land the loosen'd Tempest reigns.
The Mountain thunders ; and its sturdy Sons
Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight Steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring Stranger breathless toils, 180
And, often falling, climbs against the Blast.
Low waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds

What

What of its tarnish'd Honours yet remain ;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing Wind's
 Assiduous Fury, its gigantic Limbs. 185
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated Grove,
 The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain ;
 And on the Cottage thatch'd, or lordly Roof,
 Keen-fastening, stakes them to the solid Base.
 Sleep frightened flies ; and round the rocking Dome, 190
 For Entrance eager, howls the savage Blast.
 Then too, they say, thro all the burthen'd Air,
 Long Groans are heard, shrill Sounds, and distant Sighs,
 That, utter'd by the Demon of the Night,
 Warn the devoted Wretch of Woe and Death. 195

H U G E Uproar lords it wide. The Clouds commix'd
 With Stars swift-gliding sweep along the Sky.
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
 Amid tempestuous Darkness dwells alone,
 And on the Wings of the careering Wind 200
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a Calm ;
 Then straight Air Sea and Earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis Midnight deep. The weary Clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid Gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy World lies lost in Sleep, 205
 Let me associate with the serious *Night*,
 And *Contemplation* her sedate Compeer ;

Let

W I N T E R.

193

Let me shake off th' intrusive Cares of Day,
And lay the meddling Senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying Vanities of Life! 210
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating Train!
Where are you now? and what is your Amount?
Vexation, Disappointment, and Remorse.
Sad, sickening Thought! and yet deluded Man,
A Scene of crude disjointed Visions past, 215
And broken Slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd Hopes, to run the giddy Round.

FATHER of Light and Life! thou GOOD SUPREME!
O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
Save me from Folly, Vanity, and Vice, 220
From every low Pursuit! and feed my Soul
With Knowledge, conscious Peace, and Virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss!

THE keener Tempests come: and fuming dun
From all the livid East, or piercing North, 225
Thick Clouds ascend; in whose capacious Womb
A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy World along;
And the Sky saddens with the gather'd Storm.
Thro the hush'd Air the whitening Shower descends,
At first thin-wavering; till at last the Flakes 231
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the Day,

K

With

With a continual Flow. The cherish'd Fields
 Put on their Winter-Robe, of purest White.
 'Tis Brightness all ; save where the new Snow melts, 235
 Along the mazy Current. Low, the Woods
 Bow their hoar Head ; and, ere the languid Sun
 Faint from the West emits his Evening-Ray,
 Earth's universal Face, deep-hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling Waste, that buries wide 240
 The Works of Man. Drooping, the Labourer-Ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands
 The Fruit of all his Toil. The Fowls of Heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel Season, croud around
 The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon 245
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone,
 The Red-Breast, sacred to the household Gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling Sky,
 In joyless Fields, and thorny Thickets, leaves
 His shivering Mates, and pays to trusted Man 250
 His annual Visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the Window beats ; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm Hearth ; then, hopping o'er the Floor,
 Eyes all the smiling Family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is : 255
 Till more familiar grown, the Table-Crums
 Attract his slender Feet. The foodless Wilds
 Pour forth their brown Inhabitants. The Hare,
 Tho' timorous of Heart, and hard beset
 By Death in various Forms, dark Snares, and Dogs, 260
 And

And more un pitying Men, the Garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating Kind
Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the glistening Earth,
With Looks of dumb Despair ; then, sad-dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd Herb thro Heaps of Snow. 265

N o w, Shepherds, to your helpless Charge be kind,
Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Pens
With Food at Will ; lodge them below the Storm,
And watch them strict : for from the bellowing East,
In this dire Season, oft the Whirlwind's Wing 270
Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains
In one wide Waft, and o'er the hapless Flocks,
Hid in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills,
The billowy Tempest whelms ; till, upward urg'd,
The Valley to a shining Mountain swells, 275
Tipt with a Wreath, high-curling in the Sky.

A s thus the Snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd Air ;
In his own loose-revolving Fields, the Swain
Disaster'd stands ; sees other Hills ascend, 280
Of unknown joyless Brow ; and other Scenes,
Of horrid Prospect, shag the trackless Plain :
Nor finds the River, nor the Forest, hid
Beneath the formless Wild ; but wanders on
From Hill to Dale, still more and more astray ; 285
Impatient flouncing thro the drifted Heaps,

Stung with the Thoughts of Home ; the Thoughts of Home
 Rush on his Nerves, and call their Vigour forth
 In many a vain Attempt. How sinks his Soul !
 What black Despair, what Horror fills his Heart ! 290
 When for the dusky Spot, which Fancy feign'd
 His tufted Cottage rising thro the Snow,
 He meets the Roughness of the middle Waste,
 Far from the Track, and blest Abode of Man ;
 While round him Night resistless closes fast, 295
 And every Tempest, howling o'er his Head,
 Renders the savage Wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy Shapes into his Mind,
 Of cover'd Pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire Descent ! beyond the Power of Frost, 300
 Of faithless Bogs ; of Precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with Snow ; and, what is Land unknown,
 What Water, of the still unfrozen Spring,
 In the loose Marsh or solitary Lake,
 Where the fresh Fountain from the Bottom boils. 305
 These check his fearful Steps ; and down he sinks
 Beneath the Shelter of the shapeless Drift,
 Thinking o'er all the Bitterness of Death,
 Mix'd with the tender Anguish Nature shoots
 Thro the wrung Bosom of the dying Man, 310
 His Wife, his Children, and his Friends unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious Wife prepares
 The Fire fair-blazing, and the Vestment warm ;
 In vain his little Children, peeping out

Into

W I N T E R.

197

Into the mingling Storm, demand their Sire, 315
 With Tears of artleſs Innocence. Alas !
 Nor Wife, nor Children, more ſhall he behold,
 Nor Friends, nor ſacred Home. On every Nerve
 The deadly Winter ſeizes ; ſhuts up Senſe ;
 And, o'er his inmoſt Vitals creeping cold, 320
 Lays him along the Snows, a ſtiſſen'd Corſe,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern Blaſt.

A little think the gay licentious Proud,
 Whom Pleaſure, Power, and Affluence ſurround ;
 They, who their thoughtleſs Hours in giddy Mirth, 325
 And wanton, often cruel, Riot waſte ;
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very Moment, Death
 And all the ſad Variety of Pain.
 How many ſink in the devouring Flood, 330
 Or more devouring Flame. How many bleed,
 By ſhameful Variance betwixt Man and Man.
 How many pine in Want, and Dungeon Gloom ;
 Shut from the common Air, and common Uſe
 Of their own Limbs. How many drink the Cup 335
 Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter Bread
 Of Miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintry Winds,
 How many ſhrink into the ſordid Hut
 Of chearleſs Poverty. How many ſhake
 With all the fiercer Tortures of the Mind, 340
 Unbounded Paſſion, Madneſs, Guilt, Remorſe ;

K 3

Whence

Whence tumbled headlong from the Height of Life,
 They furnish Matter for the Tragic Muse.
 Even in the Vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd, 345
 How many, rack'd with honest Passions, droop
 In deep retir'd Distress. How many stand
 Around the Death-bed of their dearest Friends,
 And point the parting Anguish. Thought fond Man
 Of These, and all the thousand nameless Ills, 350
 That one incessant Struggle render Life,
 One Scene of Toil, of Suffering, and of Fate,
 Vice in his high Career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious Heart of Charity would warm, 355
 And her wide Wish Benevolence dilate ;
 The social Tear would rise, the social Sigh ;
 And into clear Perfection, gradual Bliss,
 Refining still, the social Passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous * Band, 360
 Who, touch'd with human Woe, redressive search'd
 Into the Horrors of the gloomy Jail ?
 Unpity'd, and unheard, where Misery moans ;
 Where Sickness pines ; where Thirst and Hunger burn,
 And poor Misfortune feels the Lash of Vice. 365
 While in the Land of Liberty, the Land
 Whose every Street and public Meeting glow

With

* *The Jail-Committee, in the Year 1729.*

With open Freedom, little Tyrants rag'd :
 Snatch'd the lean Morfel from the starving Mouth ;
 Tore from cold wintry Limbs the tatter'd Weed ; 370
 Even robb'd them of the last of Comforts, Sleep ;
 The free-born BRITON to the Dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the Lust of Cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious Stripes ;
 And crush'd out Lives, by secret barbarous Ways, 375
 That for their Country would have toil'd, or bled.
 O great Design ! if executed well,
 With patient Care, and Wisdom-temper'd Zeal.
 Ye Sons of Mercy ! yet resume the Search ;
 Drag forth the legal Monsters into Light, 380
 Wrench from their Hands Oppression's iron Rod,
 And bid the Cruel feel the Pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank Age,
 Much is the Patriot's weeding Hand requir'd.
 The Toils of Law, (what dark insidious Men 385
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the Truth,
 And lengthen simple Justice into Trade)
 How glorious were the Day ! that saw These broke,
 And every Man within the Reach of Right.

By wintry Famine rous'd, from all the Tract 390
 Of horrid Mountains which the shining *Alps*,
 And wavy *Appenines*, and *Pyrenees*,
 Branch out stupendous into distant Lands ;
 Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave ! 395

Burning for Blood ! bony, and ghaunt, and grim !
 Assembling Wolves in raging Troops descend ;
 And, pouring o'er the Country, bear along,
 Keen as the North-Wind sweeps the glossy Snow.
 All is their Prize. They fasten on the Steed, 400
 Press him to Earth, and pierce his mighty Heart.
 Nor can the Bull his awful Front defend,
 Or shake the murdering Savages away.
 Rapacious, at the Mother's Throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming Infant from her Breast. 405
 The godlike Face of Man avails him nought.
 Even Beauty, Force divine ! at whose bright Glance
 The generous Lion stands in soften'd Gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd Prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe Attack, 410
 The Country be shut up, lur'd by the Scent,
 On Church-Yards drear (inhuman to relate !)
 The disappointed Prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded Body from the Grave ; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul Shades, and frighted Ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly Regions, where embrac'd 415
 In peaceful Vales the happy *Grisons* dwell ;
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded Cliffs,
 Mountains of Snow their gathering Terrors roll.
 From Steep to Steep, loud-thundering, down they come,
 A wintry Waste in dire Commotion all ; 421
 And Herds, and Flocks, and Travellers, and Swains,
 And

And sometimes whole Brigades of marching Troops,
 Or Hamlets sleeping in the Dead of Night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering Ruin whelm'd. 425

N o w, all amid the Rigours of the Year,
 In the wild Depth of Winter, while without
 The ceaseless Winds blow Ice, be my Retreat,
 Between the groaning Forest and the Shore,
 Beat by the boundless Multitude of Waves, 430
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary, Scene ;
 Where ruddy Fire and beaming Tapers join,
 To cheer the Gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high Converse with the MIGHTY DEAD ;
 Sages of antient Time, as Gods rever'd, 435
 As Gods beneficent, who blest Mankind
 With Arts, and Arms, and humaniz'd a World.
 Rous'd at th' inspiring Thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd Volume ; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred Shades, that slowly-rising pass 440
 Before my wondering Eyes. First S O C R A T E S,
 Who firmly good in a corrupted State,
 Against the Rage of Tyrants *single* stood,
 Invincible ! calm Reason's holy Law,
 That *Voice* of G O D within th' attentive Mind, 445
 Obeying, fearless, or in Life, or Death :
 Great Moral Teacher ! *Wise*st of Mankind !
 S O L O N the next, who built his Common-Weal
 On Equity's wide Base ; by *tender* Laws

A lively People curbing, yet undamp'd 450
 Preserving still that quick peculiar Fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd Field of finer Arts,
 And of bold Freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The Pride of smiling G R E E C E, and Human-kind.
 L Y C U R G U S then, who bow'd beneath the Force 455
 Of strictest Discipline, *severely wise*,
 All human Passions. Following Him, I see,
 As at *Thermopylae* he glorious fell,
 The firm * DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by Deeds
 The hardest Lesson which the *other* taught. 460
 Then A R I S T I D E S lifts his honest Front;
 Spotless of Heart, to whom th' unflattering Voice
 Of Freedom gave the noblest Name of *Just*;
 In pure majestic Poverty rever'd;
 Who, even his Glory to his Country's Weal 465
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty † *Rival's* Fame.
 Rear'd by his Care, of softer Ray, appears
 C I M O N sweet-soul'd; whose Genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the Load of young Debauch; abroad
 The Scourge of *Persian* Pride, at home the Friend 470
 Of every Worth and every splendid Art;
 Modest, and simple, in the Pomp of Wealth.
 Then the last Worthies of declining G R E E C E,
 Late-call'd to Glory, in *unequal* Times, 475
 Pensive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* Boast,

T I M O L E O N,

* L E O N I D A S.

† T H E M I S T O C L E S.

W I N T E R.

203

TIMOLEON, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,
 Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled.
 And, equal to the best, the * THEBAN PAIR,
 Whose Virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd, 480
 Their Country rais'd to Freedom, Empire, Fame.
 He too, with whom *Athenian Honour* sunk,
 And left a Mass of sordid Lees behind,
 PHOCION the *Good*; in public Life severe,
 To Virtue still inexorably firm; 485
 But when, beneath his low illustrious Roof,
 Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooth'd his Brow,
 Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind.
 And He, the *last* of old LYCURGUS' Sons,
 The generous Victim to that vain Attempt, 490
 To *save a rotten State*, AGIS, who saw
 Even SPARTA's self to servile Avarice sunk.
 The two *Acbaian* Heroes close the Train.
 ARATUS, who a while relum'd the Soul
 Of fondly lingering Liberty in GREECE: 495
 And He her Darling as her latest Hope,
 The *gallant* PHILOPEMON; who to Arms
 Turn'd the luxurious Pomp he could not cure;
 Or toiling in his Farm, a simple Swain;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the Field. 500

OF rougher Front, a mighty People come!
 A Race of Heroes! in those virtuous Times

K 6

Which

* PELOPIDAS, and EPAMINONDAS.

Which knew no Stain, save that with partial Flame
 Their *dearest* Country they *too fondly* lov'd.
 Her *better Founder* first, the Light of ROME, 505
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious Sons.
 SERVIUS the *King*, who laid the solid Base
 On which o'er Earth the *vest Republic* spread.
 *Then the great Consuls venerable rise.
 The * PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd, 510
 As on the dread Tribunal sternly sad.
 He, whom his thankless Country *could not* lose,
 CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her Foes.
 FABRICIUS, Scorner of all-conquering Gold ;
 And CINCINNATUS, awful from the Plow. 515
 †Thy † WILLING VICTIM, *Carthage*, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole City's Tears, by rigid Faith
 Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire Command.
 SCIPIO, the *gentle Chief*, humanely brave, 520
 Who soon the Race of spotless Glory ran,
 And, warm in Youth, to the *Poetic Shade*
 With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd.
 TULLY, whose powerful Eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the *rapid Fate* of rushing ROME. 525
 Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *Extreme*.
 And Thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of Heart,
 Whose steady Arm, by awful Virtue urg'd,

Lifted

* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

† REGULUS.

Lifted the *Roman Steel* against thy *Friend*.
 Thousands, besides, the Tribute of a Verse 530
 Demand ; but who can count the Stars of Heaven ?
 Who sing their Influence on this lower World ?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes ! in sober State,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal Sun :
 'Tis *Phæbus* self, or else the *Mantuan Swain* ! 535
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring Wing,
Parent of Song ! and *equal* by his Side,
 The BRITISH MUSE ; join'd Hand in Hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle Steep to Fame.
 Nor absent are those Shades, whose skilful Touch 540
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd Heart, and charm'd
 Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE :
 Nor Those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.

FIRST of your Kind ! Society divine !
 Still visit thus my Nights, for you reserv'd, 545
 And mount my soaring Soul to Thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely Power ! the Door be thine ;
 See on the hallow'd Hour that none intrude,
 Save a few chosen Friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble Roof, with Sense refin'd, 550
 Learning digested well, exalted Faith,
 Unstudy'd Wit, and Humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' Hill will POPE descend,
 To raise the sacred Hour, to bid it smile,

And

And with the social Spirit warm the Heart : 555
 For tho not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
 Yet is his Life the more endearing Song.

WHERE art Thou, HAMMOND ? Thou the darling Pride,
 The Friend and Lover of the tuneful Throng !
 Ah why, dear Youth, in all the blooming Prime- 560
 Of vernal Genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active Worth each manly Virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our Hope so soon ?
 What now avails that noble Thirst of Fame,
 Which stung thy fervent Breast ? That treasur'd Store
 Of Knowledge, early gain'd ? That eager Zeal 566
 To serve thy Country, glowing in the Band
 Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her Name ?
 What now, alas ! that Life-diffusing Charm
 Of sprightly Wit ? That Rapture for the Muse, 570
 That Heart of Friendship, and that Soul of Joy,
 Which bade with softest Light thy Virtues smile ?
 Ah ! only shew'd, to check our fond Pursuits,
 And teach our humbled Hopes that Life is vain !

THUS in some deep Retirement would I pass, 575
 The Winter-Glooms, with Friends of pliant Soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the Theme inspir'd :
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless Frame
 Was call'd, late rising from the Void of Night,
 Or sprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND : 580
 Its

Its Life, its Laws, its Progress, and its End.
 Hence larger Prospects of the beauteous Whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening Minds;
 And each diffusive Harmony unite,
 In full Perfection, to th' astonish'd Eye. 585
 Then would we try to scan the *moral World*,
 Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher Order; fitted, and impell'd,
 By WISDOM's finest Hand, and issuing all
 In *general Good*. The sage Historic Muse 595
 Should next conduct us thro' the Deeps of Time:
 Shew us how Empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 In scatter'd States; what makes the Nations smile,
 Improves their Soil, and gives them double Suns;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest Skies, 595
 In Nature's richest Lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our Hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That Portion of Divinity, that Ray
 Of purest Heaven, which lights the public Soul
 Of Patriots, and of Heroes. But if doom'd, 600
 In powerless humble Fortune, to repress
 These ardent Risings of the kindling Soul;
 Then, even superior to Ambition, we
 Would learn the private Virtues; how to glide
 Thro' Shades and Plains, along the smoothest Stream
 Of rural Life: or snatch'd away by Hope, 606
 Thro' the dim Spaces of Futurity,
 With earnest Eye anticipate those Scenes

Of Happiness, and Wonder ; where the Mind,
 In endless Growth and infinite Ascent, 610
 Rises from State to State, and World to World.
 But when with These the serious Thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for Relief, would play the Shapes
 Of frolic Fancy ; and incessant form
 Those rapid Pictures, that assembled Train 615
 Of fleet Ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay Surprise ;
 Or Folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself,
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every Nerve.

MEAN-TIME the Village rouses up the Fire ; 620
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the Goblin-Story round ;
 Till superstitious Horror creeps o'er all.
 Or, frequent in the sounding Hall, they wake
 The rural Gambol. Rustic Mirth goes round ; 625
 The simple Joke that takes the Shepherd's Heart,
 Easily pleas'd ; the long loud Laugh, sincere ;
 The Kifs, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong Maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending Sleep :
 The Leap, the Slap, the Haul ; and, shook to Notes
 Of native Music, the respondent Dance. 631
 Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-Night.

THE City swarms intense. The public Haunt,
 Full of each Theme, and warm with mixt Discourse,
 Hums

W I N T E R.

209

Hums indistinct. The Sons of Riot flow
 Down the loose Stream of false enchanted Joy,
 To swift Destruction. On the rankled Soul
 The gaming Fury falls; and in one Gulph
 Of total Ruin, Honour, Virtue, Peace,
 Friends, Families, and Fortune, headlong sink. 640
 Up-springs the Dance along the lighted Dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering Court effuses every Pomp;
 The Circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy Robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling Gems, and radiant Eyes, 645
 A soft Effulgence o'er the Palace waves:
 While, a gay Insect in *his* Summer-shine,
 The Pop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy Wings.

DREAD o'er the Scene, the Ghost of HAMLET stalks;
 OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns; 650
 And BELVIDERA pours her Soul in Love.
 Terror alarms the Breast; the comely Tear
 Steals o'er the Cheek: or else the COMIC MUSE
 Holds to the World a Picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial Laugh. 655
 Sometimes she lifts her Strain, and paints the Scenes
 Of beauteous Life; whate'er can deck Mankind,
 Or charm the Heart, in generous * BEVIL shew'd.

O

* *A Character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, written
 by Sir RICHARD STEELE.*

O THOU, whose Wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose Patriot-Virtues, and consummate Skill 660
 To touch the finer Springs that move the World,
 Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,
 And all *Apollo's* animating Fire,
 Give Thee, with pleasing Dignity, to shine
 At once the Guardian, Ornament, and Joy, 665
 Of polish'd Life ; permit the *Rural Muse*,
 © CHESTERFIELD, to grace with Thee her Song !
 Ere to the Shades again she humbly flies,
 Indulge her fond Ambition. in thy Train,
 (For every Muse has in thy Train a Place) 670
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd Mind ;
 To mark that Spirit, which, with *British Scorn*,
 Rejects th' Allurements of corrupted Power ;
 That elegant Politeness, which excels,
 Even in the Judgment of presumptuous *France*, 675
 The boasted Manners of her shining Court ;
 That Wit, the vivid Energy of Sense,
 The Truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* Point,
 And kind well-temper'd Satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the Soul, and without Pain corrects, 680
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter Flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious Day,
 When to the listening Senate, ardent, croud
 BRITANNIA'S Sons to hear her pleaded Cause.
 Then dress'd by Thee, more amiably fair, 685
 Truth.

W I N T E R.

211

Truth the soft Robe of mild Persuasion wears :
 Thou to assenting Reason giv'st again
 Her own enlighten'd Thoughts; call'd from the Heart,
 Th' obedient Passions on thy Voice attend ;
 And even reluctant Party feels a while 690
 Thy gracious Power : as thro the vary'd Maze
 Of Eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious Flood.

To thy lov'd Haunt return, my happy Muse :
 For now, behold, the joyous Winter-Days, 695
 Frosty, succeed ; and thro the blue Serene,
 For Sight too fine, th' ætherial Nitre flies ;
 Killing infectious Damps, and the spent Air
 Storing afresh with elemental Life.
 Close crouds the shining Atmosphere ; and binds 700
 Our strengthen'd Bodies in its cold Embrace,
 Constrigent ; feeds, and animates our Blood ;
 Refines our Spirits, thro the new-strung Nerves,
 In swifter Sallies darting to the Brain ;
 Where sits the Soul, intense, collected, cool, 705
 Bright as the Skies, and as the Season keen.
 All Nature feels the renovating Force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless Eye
 In Ruin seen. The Frost-concocted Glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable Soul, 710
 And gathers Vigour for the coming Year.
 A stronger Glow sits on the lively Cheek

Of

Of ruddy Fire: and luculent along
 The purer Rivers flow; their sullen Deeps,
 Transparent, open to the Shepherd's Gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing Frost.

715

WHAT art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen Stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power,
 Whom even th' illusive Fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent Energy, unseen,

720

Myriads of little Salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double Wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro Water, Earth, and Ether? Hence at Eve,
 Steam'd eager from the red Horizon round,
 With the fierce Rage of Winter deep suffus'd,

725

An icy Gale, oft shifting, o'er the Pool
 Breathes a blue Film, and in its mid Career
 Arrests the bickering Stream. The loosen'd Ice,
 Let down the Flood, and half dissolv'd by Day,
 Rustles no more; but to the sedgy Bank

730

Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed Stone,
 A crystal Pavement, by the Breath of Heaven
 Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from Shore to Shore,
 The whole imprison'd River growls below.
 Loud rings the frozen Earth, and hard reflects

735

A double Noise; while, at his evening Watch,
 The village Dog deters the nightly Thief;
 The Heifer lows; the distant Water-fall
 Swells in the Breeze; and, with the hasty Tread

Of

W I N T E R.

213

Of Traveller, the hollow-sounding Plain 740
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal Round,
 Infinite Worlds disclosing to the View,
 Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one Cope
 Of starry Glitter, glows from Pole to Pole.
 From Pole to Pole the rigid Influence falls, 745
 Thro the still Night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;
 Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping World,
 Lifts her pale Eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various Labour of the silent Night : 750
 Prone from the dripping Eave, and dumb Cascade,
 Whose idle Torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant Icicle ; the Frost-Work fair,
 Where transient Hues, and fancy'd Figures rise ;
 Wide-spouted o'er the Hill, the frozen Brook, 755
 A livid Tract, cold-gleaming on the Morn ;
 The Forest bent beneath the plummy Wave ;
 And by the Frost refin'd the whiter Snow,
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the Tread
 Of early Shepherd, as he pensive seeks 760
 His pining Flock, or from the Mountain-top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery Surface, swift descends.

On blithsome Frolicks bent, the youthful Swains,
 While every Work of Man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the River croud, in various Sport 765
 And Revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,

Happiest

Happiest of all the Train! the raptur'd Boy
 Lashes the whirling Top. Or, where the *Rhine*
 Branch'd out in many a long Canal extends,
 From every Province swarming, void of Care, 776
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
 On sounding Skates, a thousand different Ways,
 In circling Poise, swift as the Winds, along,
 The *then gay* Land is madden'd all to Joy.
 Nor less the northern Courts, wide o'er the Snow, 775
 Pour a new Pomp. Eager, on rapid Sleds,
 Their vigorous Youth in bold Contention wheel
 The long-resounding Course. Mean-time, to raise
 The manly Strife, with highly-blooming Charms,
 Flush'd by the Season, *Scandinavia's* Dames, 780
 Or *Russia's* buxom Daughters glow around.

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome Day;
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal Sun,
 Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost Noon; 785
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid Cliff.
 His azure Gloss the Mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble Touch. Perhaps the Vale
 Relents a while to the reflected Ray;
 Or from the Forest falls the cluster'd Snow, 790
 Myriads of Gems, that in the waving Gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the Sport of Those, who with the Gun,
 And Dog impatient bounding at the Shot,

Worfe

W I N T E R. 215

Worse than the Season, desolate the Fields ; 800
 And, adding to the Ruins of the Year,
 Distress the footed of the feather'd Game.

B U T what is This ? Our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his Grandeur, should our Eye
 Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone* ; 805
 Where, for relentless Months, continual Night,
 Holds o'er the glittering Waste her starry Reign.

T H E R E, thro the Prison of unbounded Wilds,
 Barr'd by the Hand of Nature from Escape, 810
 Wide-roads the *Russian* Exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad Eye, but Desarts lost in Snow ;
 And heavy-loaded Groves ; and solid Floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary Vast,
 Their icy Horrors to the frozen Main ; 815
 And cheerless Towns far-distant, never blest'd,
 Save when its annual Course the Caravan
 Bends to the golden Coast of rich * *Cathay*,
 With News of Human-kind. Yet there Life glows ;
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining Waste, 820
 The furry Nations harbour : tipt with Jet,
 Fair Ermines, spotless as the Snows they press ;
 Sables, of glossy Black ; and dark-embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freckt with many a mingled Hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly Pride of Courts. 825
 There,

* *The old Name for China.*

There, warm together press'd, the trooping Deer
Sleep on the new-fallen Snows ; and, scarce his Head
Rais'd o'er the heapy Wreath, the branching Elk
Lies slumbering fullen in the white Abyfs.

The ruthless Hunter wants nor Dogs nor Toils, 830

Nor with the Dread of sounding Bows he drives
The fearful flying Race ; with ponderous Clubs,
As weak against the Mountain-Heaps they push
Their beating Breast in vain, and piteous bray,

He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd Snows, 835

And with loud Shouts rejoicing bears them home.

There thro the piny Forest half-absorpt,

Rough Tenant of these Shades, the shapelss Bear,

With dangling Ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;

Slow-pac'd, and sower as the Storms increase, 840

He makes his Bed beneath th' inclement Drift,

And, with stern Patience, scorning weak Complaint,

Hardens his Heart against assailing Want.

W I D E o'er the spacious Regions of the North,

That see *Boötes* urge his tardy Wain, 845

A boisterous Race, by frosty * *Caurus* pierc'd,

Who little Pleasure know and fear no Pain,

Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the Flame

Of lost Mankind in polish'd Slavery sunk,

Drove martial † Horde on Horde, with dreadful Sweep

Resistless

* *The North-West Wind.*

† *The wandering Scythian-Cians.*

Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled South, 851
 And gave the vanquish'd World another Form.
 Not such the Sons of *Lapland*: wisely They
 Despise th' insensate barbarous Trade of War ;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 855
 They love their Mountains and enjoy their Storms.
 No false Desires, no Pride-created Wants,
 Disturb the peaceful Current of their Time ;
 And thro the restless ever-tortur'd Maze
 Of Pleasure, or Ambition, bid it rage. 860
 Their Rain-Deer form their Riches. These their Tents,
 Their Robes, their Beds, and all their homely Wealth
 Supply, their wholesome Fare, and chearful Cups.
 Obsequious at their Call, the docile Tribe
 Yield to the Sled their Necks, and whirl them swift 865
 O'er Hill and Dale, heap'd into one Expanse
 Of marbled Snow, or far as Eye can sweep
 With a blue Crust of Ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing Meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving Blaze refracted o'er the Heavens, 870
 And vivid Moons, and Stars that keener play
 With doubled Lustre from the radiant Waste,
 Even in the Depth of *Polar Night*, they find
 A wondrous Day : enough to light the Chace,
 Or guide their daring Steps to *Finland-Fairs*. 875
 Wish'd Spring returns ; and from the hazy South,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome Sun, just verging up at first,

By small Degrees extends the swelling Curve }
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing Months, 880
 Still round and round, his spiral Course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming Orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the Sky.
 In that glad Season, from the Lakes and Floods,
 Where pure * *Niemi's* fairy Mountains rise, 885
 And fring'd with Roses † *Tenglio* rolls his Stream,
 They draw the copious Fry. With These, at Eve,
 They chearful-loaded to their Tents repair ;
 Where, all Day long in useful Cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd Wives the Fire prepare. 890
 Thrice happy Race! by Poverty secur'd
 From legal Plunder and rapacious Power :
 In whom fell Interest never yet has sown
 The Seeds of Vice ; whose spotless Swains ne'er knew
 Injurious

* M. de Maupertuis, in his Book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of *Niemi* in Lapland, says—" From this Height we had Occasion several times to see those Vapours rise from the Lake which the People of the Country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian Spirits of the Mountains. We had been frighted with Stories of Bears that haunted this Place, but saw none. It seem'd rather a Place of Resort for Fairies and Genii than Bears."

† The same Author observes—" I was surprized to see upon the Banks of this River, (the *Tenglio*) Roses of as lively a Red as any that are in our Gardens."

W I N T E R.

219

Injurious Deed, nor, blasted by the Breath 895
Of faithless Love, their blooming Daughters Woe.

STILL pressing on, beyond *Tornéa's* Lake,
And *Hecla* flaming thro a Waste of Snow,
And farthest *Greenland*, to the Pole itself,
Where failing gradual Life at length goes out, 900
The Muse expands her solitary Flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous Scene,
Beholds new Seas beneath * another Sky.
Thron'd in his Palace of cerulean Ice,
Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing Court; 905
And thro his airy Hall the loud Misrule
Of driving Tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim Tyrant meditates his Wrath;
Here arms his Winds with all-subduing Frost;
Moulds his fierce Hail, and treasures up his Snows, 910
With which he now oppresses half the Globe.

THENCE winding eastward to the *Tartar's* Coast,
She sweeps the howling Margin of the Main;
Where undissolving, from the First of Time,
Snows swell on Snows amazing to the Sky; 915
And icy Mountains high on Mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering Sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an Atmosphere of Clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the Surge,

L 2

Alps

* *The other Hemisphere.*

Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down, 920
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide-rend the Deep, and shake the solid Pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist

The binding Fury ; but, in all its Rage
 Of Tempest taken by the boundless Frost, 925

Is many a Fathom to the Bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak Expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy Rocks, charless, and void
 Of every Life, that from the dreary Months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they ! 930

Who, here entangled in the gathering Ice,
 Take their last Look of the descending Sun ;
 While, full of Death, and fierce with tenfold Frost,
 The long long Night, incumbent o'er their Peads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the * BRITON's Fate, 935
 As with *first* Prow, (What have not BRITONS dar'd !)

He for the Passage fought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal Bars.

In these fell Regions, in *Arxina* caught, 940
 And to the stony Deep his idle Ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless Crew,
 Each full exerted at his several Task,
 Froze into Statues ; to the Cordage glued
 The Sailor, and the Pilot to the Helm. 945

H A R D

* Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent by QUEEN ELIZABETH to discover the North-East Passage.

HARD by these Shores, where scarce his freezing Stream
 Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the Last of Men;
 And, half-enliven'd by the distant Sun,
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as Plants,
 Here Human Nature wears its rudest Form. 950
 Deep from the piercing Season sunk in Caves,
 Here by dull Fires, and with unjoyous *Chear*,
 They waste the tedious Gloom. Immers'd in Furs,
 Doze the gross Race. Nor sprightly Jest, nor Song,
 Nor Tenderness they know; nor aught of Life, 955
 Beyond the kindred Bears that stalk without.
 Till Morn at length, her Roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long-Twilight brightening o'er their Fields,
 And calls the quiver'd Savage to the Chace.

WHAT cannot active Government perform, 960
 New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these Shores,
 A People savage from remotest Time,
 A huge neglected Empire ONE VAST MIND,
 By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic Darkness call'd.
 Immortal PETER! First of Monarchs! He 965
 His stubborn Country tam'd, her Rocks, her Fens,
 Her Floods, her Seas, her ill-submitting Sons;
 And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,
 To more exalted Soul he rais'd the *Man*.
 Ye Shades of antient Heroes, ye who toil'd 970
 Thro long successive Ages to build up

A lab'ring Plan of State, behold at once
 'The Wonder done! behold the matchless Prince!
 Who left his native Throne, where reign'd till then
 A mighty Shadow of unreal Power; 975
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful Pomp of Courts;
 And roaming every Land, in every Port,
 His Scepter laid aside, with glorious Hand
 Unweary'd plying the mechanic Tool,
 Gather'd the Seeds of Trade, of useful Arts, 980
 Of Civil Wisdom, and of Martial Skill.
 Charg'd with the Stores of *Europe* home he goes!
 Then Cities rise amid th' illumin'd Waste;
 O'er joyless Desarts smiles the rural Reign;
 Far-distant Flood to Flood is social join'd; 985
 Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar;
 Proud Navies ride on Seas that never foam'd
 With daring Keel before; and Armies stretch
 Each Way their dazzling Files, repressing here
 The frantic *Alexander* of the North, 990
 And awing there stern *Othman's* shrinking Sons.
 Sloth flies the Land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
 Of old Dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the Whole,
 One Scene of Arts, of Arms, of rising Trade: 995
 For what his Wisdom plann'd, and Power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great *Example* shew'd.

MUTTERING,

MUTTERING, the Winds at Eve, with blunted Point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the South. Subdu'd,
 The Frost resolves into a trickling Thaw. 1000
 Spotted the Mountains shine; loose Sleet descends,
 And floods the Country round. The Rivers swell,
 Of Bonds impatient. Sudden from the Hills,
 O'er Rocks and Woods, in broad brown Cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed Torrents shoot at once; 1005
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding Plain
 Is left one slimy Waste. Those sullen Seas,
 That wash th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North;
 But, rousing all their Waves, resistless heave— 1010
 And hark! the lengthening Roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted Deep: at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand Mountains to the Clouds.
 Ill fares the Bark with trembling Wretches charg'd,
 That, tost amid the floating Fragments, meers 1015
 Beneath the Shelter of an icy Isle,
 While Night o'erwhelms the Sea, and Horror looks
 More horrible. Can human Force endure
 Th' assembled Mischiefs that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing Hunger, fainting Weariness, 1020
 The Roar of Winds and Waves, the Crush of Ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder Rage,
 And in dire Echoes bellowing round the Main.
 More to embroil the Deep, Leviathan

And his unwieldy Train, in dreadful Sport, 1025
 Tempest the loosen'd Brine, while thro the Gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable Shore,
 Loading the Winds, is heard the hungry Howl
 Of famish'd Monsters, there awaiting Wrecks.
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking Eye*, 1030
 Looks down with Pity on the feeble Toil
 Of Mortals lost to Hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro all this dreary Labyrinth of Fate.

'Tis done!—Dread WINTER spreads his latest Grooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year. 1035
 How dead the vegetable Kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate Domain. Behold, fond Man!
 See here thy pictur'd Life; pass some few Years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent Strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into Age, 1040
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the Scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
 Those Dreams of Greatness? those unsolid Hopes
 Of Happiness? those Longings after Fame? 1045
 Those restless Cares? those busy bustling Days?
 Those gay-spent, festive Nights? those veering Thoughts,
 Lost between Good and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing Friend of Man, 1050
 His Guide to Happiness on high.—And see!

'Tis

'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second Birth
 Of Heaven, and Earth! Awakening Nature hears
 The *new-creating Word*, and starts to Life,
 In every heighten'd Form, from Pain and Death 1055
 For ever free. *The great eternal Scheme*
 Involving All, and in a *perfect Whole*
 Uniting, as the Prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's Eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind Presumptuous! now, 1060
 Confounded in the Dust, adore that POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the Cause,
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's Share
 In Life was Gall and Bitterness of Soul: 1065
 Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans pin'd,
 In starving Solitude; while Luxury,
 In Palaces, lay straining her low Thought,
 To form unreal Wants: why Heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red Marks 1070
 Of Superstition's Scourge: why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel Spoiler, that embosom'd Foe,
 Imbitter'd all our Bliss. Ye good Distress!
 Ye noble Few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath Life's Pressure, yet bear up a While, 1075
 And what your bounded View, which only saw
 A little Part, deem'd *Evil* is no more:
 The Storms of WINT'RY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle All.

T H E E N D.

A

H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER,
 these,
 Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling Year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 THY Beauty walks, THY Tenderness and Love,
 Wide-flush the Fields; the softening Air is Balm;
 Echo the Mountains round; the Forest smiles;
 And every Sense, and every Heart is Joy.
 Then comes THY Glory in the Summer-Months,
 With Light and Heat refulgent. Then THY Sun
 Shoots full Perfection thro the swelling Year : 10
 And oft THY Voice in dreadful Thunder speaks;
 And oft at Dawn, deep Noon, or falling Eve,
 By Brooks and Groves, in hollow-whispering Gales.
 THY Bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common Feast for all that lives. 15
 In Winter awful THOU ! with Clouds and Storms
 Around THEE thrown, Tempest o'er Tempest roll'd,
 Majestic

A H Y M N. 227

Majestic Darkneſs ! on the Whirlwind's Wing,
Riding ſublime, THOU bidſt the World adore,
And humbleſt Nature with THY northern Blaſt. 20

MYSTERIOUS Round ! what Skill, what Force divine,
Deep-felt, in Theſe appear ! a ſimple Train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind Art,
Such Beauty and Beneficence combin'd ;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into Shade ; 25
And all ſo forming an harmonious Whole ;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with brute unconſcious Gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty Hand,
That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent Spheres ; 30
Works in the ſecret Deep ; ſhoots, ſteaming, Thence
The fair Proſuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring :
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day ;
Feeds every Creature ; hurls the Tempeſt forth ;
And, as on Earth this grateful Change revolves, 35
With Tranſport touches all the Springs of Life.

NATURE, attend ! join every living Soul,
Beneath the ſpacious Temple of the Sky,
In Adoration join ; and, ardent, raiſe
One general Song ! To HIM, ye vocal Gales, 40
Breathe ſoft, whoſe SPIRIT in your Freshneſs breathes :
Oh talk of HIM in ſolitary Glooms !
Where, o'er the Rock, the ſcarcely-waving Pine

Fills the brown Shade with a religious Awe.
 And ye, Whose bolder Note is heard afar, 45
 Who shake th' astonish'd World, lift high to Heaven
 Th' impetuous Song, and say from whom you rage.
 His Praise, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong Torrents, rapid, and profound; 50
 Ye softer Floods, that lead the humid Maze
 Along the Vale; and thou, majestic Main,
 A secret World of Wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous Praise; whose greater Voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your Roarings fall. 55
 Soft-roll your Incense, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flowers,
 In mingled Clouds to Him; whose Sun exalts,
 Whose Breath perfumes you, and whose Pencil paints.
 Ye Forests bend, ye Harvests wave, to Him;
 Breathe your still Song into the Reaper's Heart, 60
 As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.
 Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest Beams,
 Ye Constellations, while your Angels strike,
 Amid the spangled Sky, the silver Lyre. 65
 Great Source of Day! best Image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From World to World, the vital Ocean round,
 On Nature write with every Beam His Praise.
 The Thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate World; 70
 While Cloud to Cloud returns the solemn Hymn.

Bleat

A HYMN.

229

Bleat out afresh, ye Hills ; ye mossy Rocks,
 Retain the Sound : the broad responsive Low,
 Ye Valleys, raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns ;
 And his *unsuffering* Kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye Woodlands all, awake : a boundless Song
 Burst from the Groves ; and when the restless Day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling World asleep,
 Sweetest of Birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening Shades, and teach the Night his Praise. 80
 Ye chief, for whom the whole Creation smiles ;
 At once the Head, the Heart, and Tongue of all,
 Crown the great Hymn ! in swarming Cities vast,
 Assembled Men, to the deep Organ join
 The long-resounding Voice, oft-breaking clear, 85
 At solemn Pauses, thro the swelling Base ;
 And, as each mingling Flame increases each,
 In one united Ardor rise to Heaven.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural Shade,
 And find a Fahe in every sacred Grove ; 90
 There let the Shepherd's Flute, the Virgin's Lay,
 The prompting Seraph, and the Poet's Lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling Theme,
 Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer-Ray 95
 Ruffles the Plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams ;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East ;
 Be my Tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to Joy, forget my Heart to beat !

SHOULD

SHOULD Fate command me to the farthest Verge 100
 Of the green Earth, to distant barbarous Climes,
 Rivers unknown to Song ; where first the Sun
 Gilds *Indian* Mountains, or his setting Beam
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* Isles ; 'tis nought to me :
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt, 105

In the void Waste as in the City full ;
 And where HE vital spreads there must be Joy.
 When even at last the solemn Hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic Flight to sature Worlds,
 I chearful will obey, There, with new Powers, 110
 Will rising Wonders sing : I cannot go
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon Orbs and all their Sons,
 From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,
 And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still, 115
 In infinite Progression. — But I lose
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE !
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse HIS Praise.

THE END.

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